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THOMAS COOK

EVANGELIST—SAINT



VALLANCE COOK

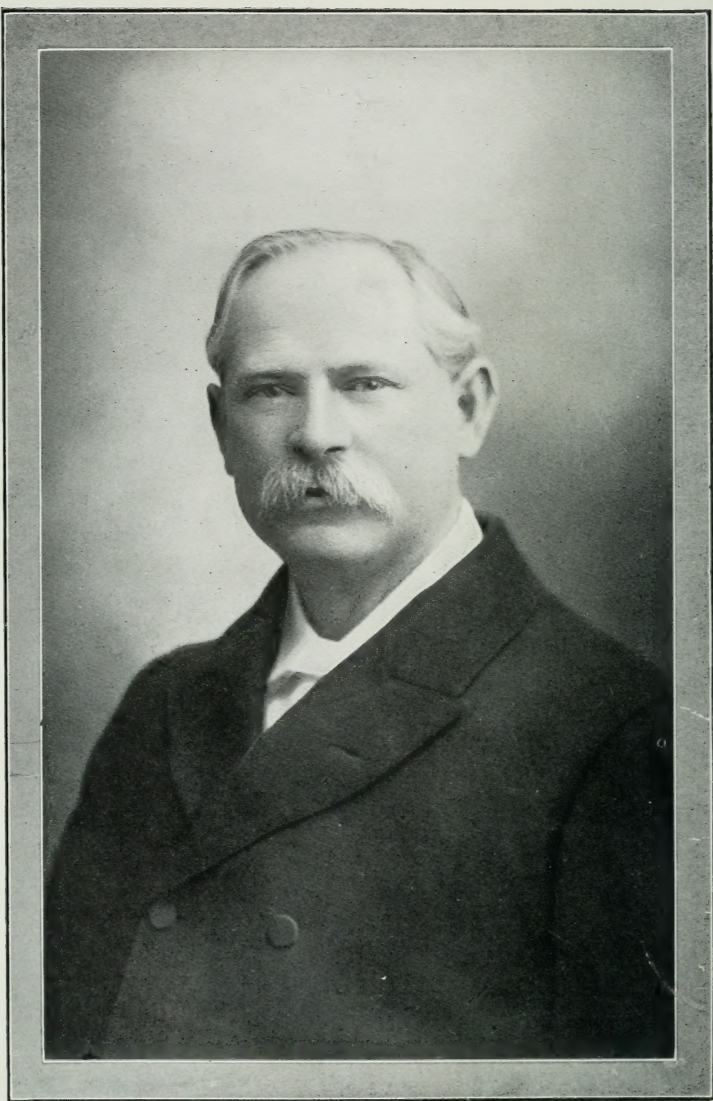
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THOMAS COOK
EVANGELIST—SAINT



THE REV. THOMAS COOK, AGED FIFTY-THREE.

[Frontispiece

THOMAS COOK

EVANGELIST—SAINT

AN APPRECIATION BY HIS BROTHER

VALLANCE COOK

AUTHOR OF

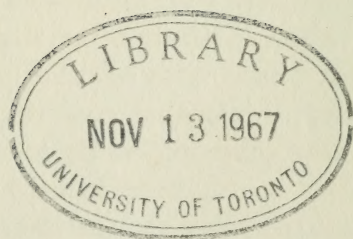
"QUEENS OF THE BIBLE," "IS THERE A GOD? AND OTHER LECTURES
ON MODERN SCEPTICISM," "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN OF TO-DAY," ETC.

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PREFACE

THIS volume is a brother's tribute of love ; a wreath placed upon the brow of one whom he regarded as the saintliest of men and the noblest of brothers. It is not a " Life " ; no attempt whatever is made to detail the contents of the fifty-three stirring and yet beautiful years of his work and pilgrimage. That is being left to other hands and hearts. My task, if task it may be called, is simply to weave a garland of love that may, through the blessing of God, help others to live the life of love.

My brother lived a grand life, and did a great work, but the greatest thing that has been said of him is that " The love of God transfigured his countenance and irradiated his life." He was the most winsome of men, and all I write shall be but to show how he lived the beautiful Gospel that he preached, and how he magnified the grace of God in all he spoke or wrote or did.

He has left behind him enduring monuments in the hearts, homes, and lives of thousands of his

fellow-countrymen. These will stand the test both of time and of eternity. In a sense he needs no other monument, and I would make no attempt to erect one. My only hope is that I may be able to do something to perpetuate his ministry of holiness and love, and lead others to the same fountains of life and power that made him the great and beloved man that he was.

If God grants me, in any way, this honour, I shall be more than thankful, and it will but add to the indebtedness in which I am ever conscious of being to my dearly-beloved and ever-precious brother, Thomas Cook.

VALLANCE COOK.

March, 1913.

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INTRODUCTORY

“For more than twenty years I have enjoyed the intimate friendship of Mr. Cook. I have occasionally been his guest at Harrogate and Cliff College, and he has still more frequently favoured me by coming as an honoured visitor to my house, staying with me sometimes for several days together when conducting missions in my circuit or neighbourhood. I have conversed with him on all kinds of subjects and with much close intimacy, and have known him better probably than almost any man outside his own family, with the exception of one or two old-standing friends. But no man ever known to me has seemed to live so closely with God as Mr. Cook, or to be so anxious to know and do the Divine will. Nor do I recall any speech, or temper, or action of his which seemed to me to be contrary to the teaching of his Lord.”

—REV. HENRY T. SMART.

INTRODUCTORY

THOMAS COOK died early. He was but fifty-three ! Why should such a man die at such an age ? This was the natural and spontaneous question that was wrung from his friends and relatives when the death-angel called ; and it has been the oft-repeated inquiry even to the ends of the earth. Why should Thomas Cook be snatched from his loved ones and leave his great work in the very prime of life and the hour of need ? Why should he die at fifty-three ? Even to-day we veil our faces and reverently ask, Why ?

But for all that we give way neither to a sorrowful rebellion nor to a stoical fatalism. Neither fate nor chance had aught to do with the passing of this saint of God. " He walked with God : and he was not ; for God took him." That is our assurance and our solace, even though the mystery remains. Our hearts may bleed, but our faith is not destroyed ; our spirits may droop, but we are not overwhelmed. The God of love has called, and as

the faithful have had to do again and again during the ages, we stand in silent acquiescence.

And why ?

Because we know that Thomas Cook was a child of the Father, and that Father, our Heavenly Father, not only wisely and lovingly controls all issues—"Not a sparrow is forgotten in the sight of God,"—but all "our human loves and tears are sacred" in His sight. That early call was best for the departed, best for us, and best for the Church and the world. We know not, How ? We cannot tell Why ? And yet we believe, and reverently say, "Thy will be done" !

"God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of Him He loved so well."

Yes, the enigma may remain ; but it is not all dark. Light comes out of the darkness. Such an event tells us that God cannot estimate life by the arithmetic of years. Intensity, deeds, not years, are the criteria. And by this standard, who will say that Thomas Cook lived a brief life, or that the great Sculptor failed to complete His rare and promising statue ? We may not like the method, and we may wish the divine Artist had granted us

longer vision, but we can never, never doubt His perfect wisdom and love, or even the lofty utility of His most stunning and unexplainable actions.

This is certain, had my beloved brother known all, and had he the power of expressing himself upon so grave and personal a matter, he would be the last to complain ; nay, he would not complain, nor even murmur. He would radiantly and lovingly accept the Divine will. That will was to him more than life. He accepted it and gloried in it, whatever it was. " God's will is best " was always his attitude. So it mattered not whether it was crown or cross, life or death—God could do no wrong ; He could never be harsh or unkind. Whether Thomas Cook's life ended at fifty-three or ninety-three was not a concern of his. The Lord knew best, and so he was always ready either to stay or to go. The call came at fifty-three, and it found him with his lamp trimmed and burning. He arose, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom.

For the moment the veil is drawn. The loss and the great silence are ours. He does not speak and God does not speak. But the torch of faith burns in our souls. The mist will roll away, the silence will be broken, and the revelation will come. " What we know not now we shall know hereafter."

I

BIOGRAPHICAL

- I. BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE
- II. CONVERSION
- III. THINGS THAT FOLLOWED
- IV. THE LARGER LIFE

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

“ It is of you that I am thinking most, and to you a line must be sent, though I cannot to-day get any mourning paper, but I am in mourning, deep and real. God gave you great honour in being the mother of such a son, and great will be your joy when you two meet in our Lord's presence and home. It won't be so very long. So ‘ let not your heart be troubled,’ but comforted. Many will be praying for you. And you were never so deep as now in your Heavenly Father's love.”—*To his mother, from* REV. I. E. PAGE.

“ I saw Thomas Cook for the first time in Great Queen Street Chapel, and there I saw Hugh Price Hughes in love with one who seemed only a boy, and there I heard that boy pray, and that prayer brought the insistent question home to my heart : Was God making ‘ money ’ out of me ? or dropping ‘ money ’ over me ? Twice over that young man made me think of the exceeding greatness of the great things, and how comparatively small all other things were.”—REV. JOHN BARTLEY.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

"God will not fail us if we trust Him."—THOMAS COOK.

THOMAS COOK was born on August 20, 1859. He had the unspeakable advantage of a godly mother. His father, strong and sturdy Englishman that he was, did not take any religious stand until he had passed his fiftieth year. By that time his family was grown up and out of hand. Spiritually and religiously the children were the mother's children, and Tom, as he was always called by his friends and relatives, was in a special sense his mother's boy.

And he never forgot it. There was always a very sweet and tender love between mother and him. After father died, he was husband and son, father and brother, in the home. He looked after mother with a delicacy and chivalry that have rarely been witnessed, and never surpassed. For thirty-five years, however distant or near he might be, he never failed to write her a weekly letter that was as

full and fresh and beautiful as if it had been addressed to a queen. And this was characteristic of all he did for the brave and noble woman who was his mother in both flesh and spirit.

As the years passed, this mutual devotion grew in grace and power. The mother was proud of her boy, and her boy knew the debt that he owed to his mother. The world at large has known very little of the one, but it would never have known anything of the other had it not been for the strong-souled and godly mother. Eight sons and daughters grew to manhood and womanhood, every one of them married, every one of them was blessed with the joy of parentage, and every one of the children and grandchildren owed, and still owes, everything, from the spiritual and religious standpoint, to Thomas Cook's mother.

Both mother and son, and indeed the entire family, were born in Middlesbrough-on-Tees, in the extreme north-east of Yorkshire. Mother was born in 1834. At that time Middlesbrough was but a village, but long before she had reached her seventy-fifth year, it had grown to huge dimensions and numbered over one hundred thousand in population. As early as the sixties, when W. E. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he named it *The Chicago of England*. My mother's paternal grandfather built some of the first houses in the

place, and for many years Tom looked after these on behalf of his mother ; and mother's maternal grandfather owned and commanded the first steam-boat that plied on the river, which is rapidly becoming one of the greatest channels of commerce in the country.

It is often said that Nature does much for all men. This is specially true of preachers, and it was as true of Thomas Cook as of any other. Middlesbrough, named *Ironopolis*, the City of Iron, is one of the great centres of iron industry in Great Britain. Blast-furnaces, iron-works, steel-works, rolling-mills, are the staple things of the district, and we may safely affirm that, from a boy, all the life-giving and inspiring elements common to iron and steel were ingrained in my brother's constitution. For many years we lived within sight and sound of the roaring, flaming, belching furnaces, and the great balls of slag, full of molten fire, rolled down to our very garden wall.

All this did its work, and Tom grew up strong of nerve, and was full of natural force and power to the very end. Undoubtedly this, combined with rare spiritual gifts, made him the great Christian and the soul-stirring evangelist that he was. Whilst we need not believe that morals are a question of latitude, or temperament a question of temperature, we can believe that these things have their

influence, and that the Holy Spirit harnesses them for His own great and glorious ends. Both nature and grace, birth and religion, helped to make the winsome and powerful personality of Thomas Cook.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION

“ We know many truly devoted Christians who are troubled because when they believed they had none of that wondrous emotion and exaltation of soul they had expected would follow their believing. Because their experience is not just the same as others they have heard described in love-feasts and class-meetings, they are fearful lest it should not be real. The mistake is, we want to make the particular experience of some other person or persons our standard ; and we expect God to deal with us just as He dealt with them. But God scarcely ever deals with two persons alike. We differ also in our natural temperament, education, and general surroundings : and our experience is sure to be coloured more or less by these. Some enter the Kingdom shouting lustily : others feel quite as deeply, but say nothing. One is filled with rapture : another has scarcely any feeling at all. In all God’s works there is a beautiful variety ; and in conversions this is strikingly the case.”—
THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION

"Men are wanted who can get souls saved."—THOMAS COOK.

MY brother was converted to God in the old Wesleyan Chapel, South Bank, Middlesbrough. That is almost as much as to say that his mother was a Wesleyan Methodist. Which is the fact. Although her family were Anglicans, she joined the Wesleyan Society when yet in her teens, and has been a devout and consistent member of it for now more than sixty years. Tom was her second baby-boy, and before his birth had been prayed for and dedicated to God, as were all her children.

The first decisive step towards the fulfilment of those prayers was taken in his seventeenth year, when he was engaged as a pupil teacher under the Middlesbrough School Board. This was in 1875. A few lay preachers had banded themselves together for mission purposes. South Bank, because of its appalling need, was one of their objectives. A ten days' mission was decided upon. The

brethren worked faithfully and strenuously, and my brother, a mere lad of sixteen, was one of the converts. That night his was the only decision, and some of the workers were manifestly disappointed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we should have been ; but as years advance we discover that things are not always what they seem to be. Most surely, however, God does not reckon according to our arithmetic. In His sight the one may be a thousand or ten thousand.

It was literally so in this case. That boy became a preacher and an evangelist, and as we shall see thousands and tens of thousands were led to the Saviour through his efforts. One never knows what potentialities are hidden in the conversion of a young boy. It may be, as the Americans say, a whole multiplication table. Thomas Cook proves the wisdom as well as the truth of such a piquant remark.

There was neither excitement nor sentiment about my brother's conversion. There were no tears : not even a tremor of limb. But there was conviction and an enlightened determination. After the service was over an old man, scarcely understanding such a conversion, critically asked my brother : " What was it, Cook, that made you go forward to-night ? " Understanding the nature of the question, Tom innocently and bravely replied, " Be-

cause I felt it was right, sir." This clear, decided, and unequivocal spirit remained with him to the last.

The decision came in the nick of time. That day the young teacher had put his first sixpence upon a horse. It was the first and last bet he ever made, and few men ever led more gamblers to Christ than he did. On the day when his precious body was laid to rest a working man travelled all the way from Sheffield to Curbar, and with his own hand placed on the newly-made grave a wreath bearing the inscription, "A token of deepest sympathy from a converted drunkard and gambler."

Being unwell my mother was not present at the service when Tom made the great decision, but he went straight from the chapel to her room, and without waiting for any inquiry announced the glad fact—"Mother, I have given myself to Jesus to-night." I can well believe that the angels of God rejoiced over the penitent boy, but I know that no angel rejoiced more than the young convert's mother as she lay upon her sick bed. It was more to her than if her son had laid a fortune at her feet, or had announced the greatest honour that the world can give. Mother and son prayed together and wept for very joy, and this hallowed intermingling of prayers and tears was destined to be but the prelude of many such experiences in the days

to come. Never were mother and son more to each other in all the deep things of life than these two great and noble souls.

Thirty-seven years after this glad and memorable confession that mother, in the seventy-eighth year of her age, received the following communication :

“ The members of the South Bank Quarterly meeting desire me to convey to you their sincerest sympathy and condolence in the death of your son, the Rev. Thomas Cook. Many of the members remembered him when he was converted here, and spoke of his earnest and faithful work amongst them for the Master he has served so well. We pray for you, and trust that His grace will be sufficient to keep you in your sad bereavement.”—
W. H. SIVIL, *Secretary*.

CHAPTER III

THINGS THAT FOLLOWED

“To keep alive ourselves, we must try and save others. Some one has said, ‘A Christian is like a live coal. He must either set others on fire, or go out himself. I have always recommended engaging in earnest Christian work, as a remedy for backsliding. Few fall from grace whilst working hard for God. There is no better evidence of a genuine conversion than a desire to lead others to the Saviour. Andrew’s first impulse as soon as he was saved, was to win another for Jesus. ‘He first findeth his own brother Simon,’ told him what a precious Saviour he had found, and brought him to Christ. I believe this is how the world is to be saved. Whatever others do, let us do our part. We cannot, perhaps, do all we would like to do; but let us do all we can.”—THOMAS COOK.



THOMAS COOK'S MOTHER, AGED SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

CHAPTER III

THINGS THAT FOLLOWED

' You must expect difficulties, but they will all be overcome.'—THOMAS COOK.

THE unhesitating testimony at home was followed by as decided action in other directions. Every young Christian is conscious that the gate of life is the gate of sacrifice. That is why our Lord spoke of *The Narrow Gate*, and of the few that pass through it. It spells sacrifice, for it is wrought in the very form of the cross. "He that doth not take his cross and follow after Me, is not worthy of Me." Say what we will, the cross stands at the opening of the way into the kingdom of heaven. My brother, as with all the saints in history, found it to be so.

The first trial came, as is so often the case with the youthful warrior, in the realm of sport. Tom was a cricketer. He loved the game, and excelled in it. He was captain of the team, and was deadly as a bowler. On more than one occasion he received "cap and belt" for bowling out three

opponents in three successive balls. The game appealed to his orderly, well-poised, energetic nature. But it was not long before he felt the tug of other things. It grew upon him that he had been saved to save. How, then, could he give so much of his spare time to pleasurable sport? The question came with commanding arrestiveness: How could he?

The sacrifice was great, but the appeal was irresistible. He laid down his bat and ball, and went forth to win laurels on other and greater fields. From that day to the end of his life he was consecrated to the divine task of "winning souls." His love for cricket never waned. He delighted in a good match, and when at Cliff College watched the students play the game with unfeigned pleasure. But in spite of all, feeling that he had other and more important claims, he never regretted the step he took in the days of his youthful ardour.

Just about the time of my brother's conversion, another youth, Albing Toft by name, decided for Christ. Both conversions were much alike—clear, decided, intelligent. The new life was undoubted, and it found expression in new desires and purposes. "What can we do for Him who has done so much for us?" was the all-consuming thought. And such a thought under such conditions can never long remain inoperative. It soon blossoms into

action; and it did so in this case with a fiery energy that was the wonder and admiration of many.

The youths determined upon a missionary campaign. "*Ye are My witnesses,*" was impressed upon their young souls, and they went forth to witness. Albing Toft was a clever craftsman. He made a good, strong open-air stand. It had the appearance of a box with a step attached. It was painted green, and letters of brass were screwed on the front indicative of their purpose—"STAND UP FOR JESUS." Then o' nights, when the day's toil and study were over, the youths each took a handle and carried the stand into the streets. Crowds followed, and on arriving at some strategical corner one of them ascended the platform, and in youthful, burning tones, told of all that God had done for him.

This went on for many weeks, and to-day I remember the awed impression that was created. They were mere boys, but they had a story to tell. God had forgiven them, Christ had received them, and the Holy Spirit had assured them. They were in the true apostolical succession, their word was with power, and amazement fell upon the people. I have often heard my mother speak of a big, rough, worldly woman who came with tears in her eyes to tell her how she had been listening to

Tom, and could not help but cry. Both men and women were similarly affected, as they were to the end of his days, and my brother's first harvest was reaped in the streets of the benighted and smoke-begrimed place known as South Bank.

As we have already seen, Tom, at this time, was a pupil teacher under the Middlesbrough School Board. He was a serious student, and won many prizes. When I began to preach, he gave me one of the volumes—*Wesley's Notes on the New Testament*. It is inscribed :

“ Thomas Cook, for excellence in a Scripture Examination conducted by the Tees Side Pupil Teachers' Association. November 1877. Prize for Fourth Year.”

This affords a side-light upon the bent of his mind even in those early days of his Christian life, and shows that in the midst of his secular duties the fire burned, and the work of preparation for his future career went unerringly forward.

Then it was at this period of his life that he resolved to speak, at least, to one person each day about eternal things. Naturally, he was not always kindly received, but such was his nature that rebuffs only made him the more determined to carry out his decision. He called this his “ button-holing ” work, and I have often heard him relate

an experience which was a life-long encouragement to him. One day he was going leisurely down the street, book in hand, and enjoying snatches of reading. Looking up he saw a man pushing a heavy hand-barrow. The load was all too heavy for him. In a moment Tom was by his side pushing with all his might. Then, as naturally and readily as most people talk about the weather, he began about religion and the claims of Christ. It turned out that the man was a backslider. Conviction was begotten, and on separating the stranger asked my brother to call and see him and his wife. He went that very night, and had the joy of leading them both to Christ.

CHAPTER IV
THE LARGER LIFE

“God’s purpose is to exclude all sin from our hearts, that there may be nothing in us at all contrary to pure love. And when love fills our hearts, we shall be in possession of all the graces of the Holy Spirit without their opposites in any degree, just as a room filled with light implies the total expulsion of darkness. This full deliverance from heart-sin is what we Methodists call ‘entire sanctification.’ Other Christians call it ‘the rest of faith,’ ‘the higher life,’ etc. It matters not what we call it. Let us seek the experience. ‘A rose would smell as sweet by any other name.’ I hope you will never rest until you can join us in testifying to the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost.”—THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER IV

THE LARGER LIFE

"Our mightiest efforts without the Holy Ghost are all in vain."—THOMAS COOK.

It will be readily seen that a young man of such ability and experience, energy and decision, could not remain long unnoticed by the powers that be. He did not wait, however, for any call from the Church before he began to work. The divine call and the inward compulsion decided this. But when the call from the Church did come he was ready. His name was soon placed upon the preachers' plan, and for several years he served as a local preacher in the Middlesbrough Circuit.

Other Churches, however, began to claim his services. The Primitives, Wesleyan Reformers, and the Salvation Army were insistent in their demands. He served each as best he could, often preaching in crowded theatres and chapels. Under his preaching crowds were as visibly moved as a field of corn is swayed by the wind. People forgot his boyhood

in the mantle of divine power that spread itself over all he did and said. Just as in later years eminent ministers and doctors of divinity sat amazed, or yielded to the power of his will when in the midst of a soul-saving campaign, so saints and sinners, officers and people, in the coal and iron districts of the North of England, yielded to his overpowering passion and entreaty.

Yet from the day of his conversion to the day of his death everything relating to his life and work marched forward in orderly progression. His public triumphs were always preceded by private conquests. For instance, as we shall see later, he had marvellous power in prayer ; but this was because he believed in prayer and schooled himself in the art and duty of prayer.

This manifested itself in the very early days of his Christian career. At the time of his conversion we had no family altar in the home. This grave lack preyed upon the mind of the young convert. At last he determined to act. One day he approached my father and earnestly said, " Father, don't you think we ought to have family prayer ? " The father was nonplussed for the moment. Then he blushinglly confessed, " Well, my boy, I can't pray." At once the reply came, " Then, father, if you don't mind, I'll pray." That very night the Bible was taken down, and prayer was offered on the

household hearth by the dearest and bravest boy that God ever gave to any father or mother.

To say that this was a crisis in the family history is not to say too much. It was not long before first one and then another of the brothers and sisters were led to Christ, and within a few years every member of the family had made the great decision. Indeed, Tom's fervency and love infected all who came into contact with him. Even casual visitors and strangers could not resist the appeal. I remember a gentleman who came to transact some business with my father. They were both hard-headed men, and were discussing a contract for the demolition of some iron-stone kilns and the great gantry that spanned them. Tom, being a school teacher, helped to work out some of the calculations, and when they were finished, to the astonishment of our guest, led the family devotions. The man was so much impressed with the youth's beautiful spirit and prayer, that as soon as he reached home he sent Tom one of the best Bibles that could be purchased, which he used and prized for many years.

Needless to say, these early years of life and service passed swiftly enough, but progress was writ all along the line. In later life my brother often quoted the old saying, "Never pitch your tent twice in the same place." He believed in progression, and the growth that is ever pressing on

to maturity. In no life was it more manifest than in his own. At this period, although a singularly earnest Christian, he was not satisfied with his experience. There was at times a conflict between self and God, the flesh and the spirit, belief and unbelief, that caused him real heartache. His own words are :

“My experience was full of fits and starts, changeable and uneven. I was conscious also of a mighty want; there seemed a vacuum in my nature which grace had not filled, a strange sense of need, which I cannot describe, but which all who love the Lord Jesus with less than perfect love will understand.”

He yearned for that perfect love, and wanted always and everywhere to have that purity of heart which sees God and evokes the joyful cry, “My will is the will of my Lord.”

Thus in the providence of God he was brought into contact with Mr. Joshua Dawson, of Weardale, who afterwards became his father-in-law, my brother's first wife being his daughter, Mary Ann, who lived but thirteen months after marriage. Mr. Dawson was not only a mighty Revivalist, but a preacher of Full Salvation on the lines of Wesley, Fletcher, and the early Methodist preachers. Tom had already been reading all he could upon the

subject, and now he began to search and study his Bible as well as his own heart. The result was that the conviction grew upon him that there must be something higher and holier than he had yet attained. Contact with Mr. Dawson made him the more sure and the more anxious. He determined, cost what it might, he would not only be saved, but he would be saved to the uttermost.

This was now his one fixed aim and purpose. The Bible was his greatest guide, and he centred his mind upon these great passages: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put My spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgements, and do them" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-27); "Wherefore also He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Hebrews vii. 25); "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Having already tasted of the grace and power

of God, all his instincts and conceptions of the divine nature told him that behind such words and promises there was actuality and fact. It was not a shadowy ideal, now looming and now lost, but an experience that harmonized with all he knew and believed of God. He felt that the Thrice-Holy One, who had said, "Ye shall be holy; for I am holy," would make the provision and do the work that was beyond the power of unaided mortal. So he asked, and sought, and strove, and—he found!

This was three years after his conversion. He used to say that it was his own fault the interval was so long; he sought it by works instead of by simple faith. I know how diligently he did seek. He went forward again and again in prayer-meetings and in the house of God to obtain the Blessing. Then at last, by a simple effort of faith, deliverance came, the last enemy was cast out, sin's stain was cleansed away, and great peace filled his soul.

"Oh, the indescribable sweetness of that moment!" he wrote years afterwards. "All words fail to express the blessedness of the spiritual manifestation of Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. My heart warms as I write at the remembrance of the event which transcends all others in my religious history. It was not so much ecstatic emotion I experienced as an unspeakable peace; 'God's love

swallowed me up.' For a few moments 'all its waves and billows rolled over me.' So much afraid was I lest I should lose the delightful sense of the Saviour's presence, that I wished those with me not to speak or disturb me ; I wanted to dwell in silence, as my heart was filled with love and gratitude to God."

Yes, and for more than thirty years he lived in this Land of Beulah, and his sun never set and the moon never went down ! During the years he enjoyed the experience he often quoted the lines :

" I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine ;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away."

And yet Mr. Smart truly represented the facts of the case when he wrote as follows in *Joyful News* :

" Never did he speak boastingly of this experience, but he maintained his witness to it throughout his Christian life, and was himself such a beautiful illustration of the doctrine that if some persons doubted the possibility of living up to all that it involves, and knew Mr. Cook, they were obliged to confess that he himself had found the pearl which so many others spurned."



II

CONSECRATED SERVICE

- I. A MIGHTY EVANGELIST
- II. A SANCTIFIED PEN
- III. A SUCCESSFUL PRINCIPAL



CHAPTER I

A MIGHTY EVANGELIST

"Mr. Cook's fame and success are not due to following the usual grooves, nor to adopting already stereotyped ways of procedure. He is not noisy, but quiet and self-restrained ; not wordy, but terse, his sentences being pruned and phrases compressed, or crisp and sharp. He does not talk childishly, which mode some soul-seekers adopt as the surest way to catch men, but speaks strong common sense, such as men like to listen to. His subject-matter is well reasoned, fresh, logical, suggestive, and impressive thought. His addresses are carefully constructed and cumulative in their effect ; they are well-designed instruments rather than products. There is fire, intense moral earnestness, not the consecrating flame leaping from crackling thorns, but the rose warmth that appears in the red-hot bar of iron. And while there was no trace of the convulsive, or contortive, or maudlin, there was unmistakable *power*: an influence, mysterious, subtle, penetrating, soul-compelling, pervaded the work."—THE METHODIST.

CHAPTER I

A MIGHTY EVANGELIST

"If you are doing damage to the devil's kingdom, you may expect hard blows, but the victory is to him that overcometh. This means fighting."—THOMAS COOK.

IN point of fact there was no time in my brother's Christian career when he was not an evangelist. From the moment he stepped upon that green box until he was laid beneath the green sod, he did the work of an evangelist. At first it was but the fresh impulse of the newly-born soul; afterwards it became the reasoned conclusion and the assured and honoured call of God. In a great sense he was an idealist. He had a passion for God. "God," writes his dear and life-long friend, Rev. Edward Davidson, "filled his vision, thought, soul. God was his every-day dream, desire, and delight." Under the influence of this passion for God he consecrated himself to the divine task of winning the world of humanity for his Lord and Master. This was his highest ambition, and with an undimmed passion and enthusiasm he strove to realize it from first to last.

It has been said that passion means suffering—travail for great principles and ideals. Thomas Cook knew something of this. No man can be an evangelist without travail of soul.

“Tearless hearts can never be heralds of the passion. We must pity if we would redeem. We must bleed at heart if we would be ministers of the saving blood. The ministers of Calvary must supplicate in bloody sweat, and their intercession must often touch the point of agony.”

These words of Dr. Jowett are true enough, but there are also other sources of travail—travail that springs from one's own nature: the natural sympathies and repulsions of the soul; and, more agonizing still, that which arises from a consciousness that those who should be one's best supporters and coadjutors are often actively or covertly in opposition to one's methods and the great principles and ideals that move one's soul and direct one's policy. The evangelist has to face all this, and to be resolved to go forward in spite of pre-possession, misrepresentation, and opposition of every shade and kind. Of all men, and especially if he be in the ranks of the ministry, he must be prepared for that which evoked the apostolic word: “For whether we are beside ourselves, it is unto God; or whether we are of sober mind, it is unto you. For the love of Christ constraineth us.” And this

means, not only constant travail of soul, but the laying of one's all upon the altar—personal aggrandizement, reputation, ambition, honour, and all that the natural man craves for.

My brother realized this, and experienced as much of the travail as most men ; but he bravely faced the ordeal. He counted it joy for the work's sake and the Lord's sake ; nay, he gloried in it, and no man could ever make him ashamed of his calling or of his work. Thus it was a matter of indifference to him whether he entered the ranks of the ordained ministry or not. Towering above all ranks and positions, privileges and callings, was the work of saving men and women. This was his triumphant and deathless purpose. At the age of twenty-two he did enter the ministry, but it was because he believed this would give him a better vantage-ground from which to carry on his great and God-honoured soul-saving work. He felt as John Wesley did, " Church or no church, souls must be saved."

This singleness of purpose never failed him. It directed everything—his ministry, his work, his preaching, his administration, his conduct, his all. I have often heard him refer to Fletcher of Madeley, of whom the worldlings used to say, " There goes the soul-saver ! " He had no other ambition than to be in the same rare succession. Rightly to

appraise his life and work everything must be judged by this standard. For instance, I have often heard ministers speak of his preaching "old" sermons. Quite true; but behind it was neither lack of intellectual power nor dearth of sermons. He simply would not permit either personal or ministerial pride to dictate his action in even such a delicate matter as this. When God put His seal upon a message, he felt that He intended him to use it, and so long as the divine blessing rested upon it he no more dared to discard it than he would have dared to change his Bible or abandon the Lord's Prayer. "If singers sing the same songs, and actors play the same pieces, again and again," he argued, "why should I, through any false sentiment or pride, hesitate to deliver again and again the Word that God never fails to bless?" This, indeed, always requires a rare courage, and especially in the case of a man naturally so strong and proud and sensitive as my brother was; but it was part of the *price*, and he paid it without questioning or murmuring. God had called him to be an evangelist, and he responded to the call with all the abandon, strength, and ability of his consecrated life and passion.

Under such conditions, and remembering the man that he was, we are not surprised that he became one of the mightiest evangelists of modern times.



THOMAS COOK AT VARIOUS PERIODS OF HIS CAREER. FROM
SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF AGE.

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A record of his work will be found in the biography that is being written by the Rev. Henry T. Smart, and as it is beyond my purpose to enter largely into this, the following quotations will be sufficient to demonstrate the nature and power of his evangelistic ministry.

Writing to his friend Mr. Joshua Dawson in April 1882, when he was lay evangelist in the Halifax and Bradford district, he says :

“ Last year’s results were insignificant compared with this. Since September last in connection with the services I have conducted, about four thousand persons over fourteen years of age have professed conversion.”

This is but a bald statement of really startling facts. He was but a youth of twenty-two, and reckoning young people it means at least five thousand decisions in less than seven months. We are not surprised that in the same letter he says :

“ I am filled with gratitude as I think about the marvellous work of God through us.”

Two years afterwards, when a Connexional evangelist, he conducted a mission at West Bromwich. The report I have before me is headed—

“ PENTECOST IN THE BLACK COUNTRY ”

It reads :

“ Did any of our fathers ever see such a wondrous work of God as has been witnessed in West Bromwich during Mr. Cook’s mission ? More than a thousand names have been taken, not counting children. The whole of the surrounding towns have sent their representatives, and they have returned to their homes like the shepherds of old ‘ glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen.’ ”

Years afterwards, when about midway through his evangelistic career, he conducted a mission at Hampstead, London. The Rev. T. E. Westerdale, superintendent minister, wrote of it as follows :

“ It is impossible to put into words what the Lord has done in our midst during the last few days. Indescribable are the glory and the power. . . . On the opening night of the mission a man for whom several of us had been praying—a strong-minded, religious freethinker—was so arrested by the power of God, that when Mr. Cook quietly asked those to stand up who were prepared to throw in their lot with Christ, in face of the whole congregation he stood, and in a few seconds after he was the very first to lead the way into the inquiry-room.

We thought some time or other during the mission that this particular man might be saved, and we had set our hearts on it. But that he should be the first 'Slain of the Lord' was more than our poor faith could stand. It baffled us—we staggered at the glory that the Lord had sent; and before the next service was concluded his wife, his eldest son, and his eldest daughter were all rejoicing in sins forgiven. One dear mother had the joy of seeing all her three grown-up sons saved. The society steward, from one of the other places, brought his daughter one night and she went home saved. . . . As long as I live, I shall never forget the scene of the last Sunday night. A mysterious, blessed, all-gracious power had been concentrating about the mission all the week through. About one hundred and four—thirty-eight of whom were bachelors—had been fetched out of their hidings during the previous six days, and every one felt that something very blessed was going to take place. It would not have surprised any of us if the whole congregation had stood up *en masse* for the Lord that night, so certain was our faith that God would do mighty works. And God did. At seven o'clock, when the service began, every seat was taken—gallery and downstairs, behind the pulpit, on the steps, in the communion rail. It was a glorious sight. Oh, may God send more men like this into our circuits!

One brother had prayed in the prayer-meeting in the schoolroom: 'Lord, save us from looking at Thomas Cook!' But you could not help looking at him, and believing. It seemed all through the mission that he was the very representative of the King. He stood like one anointed from the very presence of the Master; and as he prayed and preached there was not a movement, not a thought, not a figure of speech but what brought you face to face with God. . . . I don't know what it was in the days of John Wesley or in the days of the early Methodist preachers. I used to witness some glorious scenes myself, twenty years ago, in the Melton Mowbray Circuit, when revival services were less scientific than they are now; and I have heard my father tell of sights that thrilled one's soul with an unutterable joy; but I have never witnessed a scene like Sunday night. The Lord is not dead yet. He is mighty to save. . . . Oh, that every circuit, every society, could witness what we have witnessed! . . . I have heard every sermon save one of this mission, and the sustained power of each sermon has been marvellous. I have listened with amazement. Mr. Cook is a great preacher—he lives possessed by the Master's spirit; but it is quite true that he is a man of extraordinary intellectual power, and I attribute the success of the mission, under God's blessing, to that one fact more

than any other—the *clear, vivid*, logical, irresistible way in which he brought home the truth of God to the conscience of the sinner, and the inimitable pathos with which he gently led the troubled soul to the ‘blood that cleanseth.’ ”

Many similar reports might be given, but these enable us to depict the man and his work. In commenting upon his untimely and pathetic death—judging after the manner of men—the *Methodist Recorder* truly remarked :

“ He was given to us at a time when we were in sore need of evangelists ; the work he did and the inspirations he stirred can never be appraised. Wherever he went all men felt his power, and felt it was not his, after all. The scenes of his early ministry recalled apostolic times ; and the best instructed among us stood in awe of a power not mortal and not of time.”

That this was so may be gathered from the fact that my brother’s commanding force and persuasive power were equally effective in Norway, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and other places. In these far-away countries he addressed not only English-speaking people, but foreigners and raw heathen, and was compelled to work through

interpreters. Yet, and this is one of the marvels of his life and power, although a second medium had to be used, the word lost none of its effectiveness, and the mighty soul-saving results were the same as at home. In South Africa, where he preached to thousands of natives, on one occasion, when preaching at Annshaw, the excitement was so intense, that whilst scores if not hundreds were "deciding for Christ," the chief's wife, Mrs. Kama, stood up in the midst of it all and shouted: "*They are all coming; everybody is coming to Jesus; let them come.*"

This mysterious power rested upon him all his days.

"A good deal," writes the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, "will be said by psychologists about personal magnetism; and by spiritualists about psychic force; and by naturalists about combinations of personal qualities and exceptional times, seasons, and environments; and by child-like Christian believers about baptisms of fire and power. Perhaps no one explanation will fully account for all the phenomena in Thomas Cook's evangelistic career. Certain it is that he was a man of God, a man with men, and a man of faith and boundless hope; much given to prayer, to communion with God, to study of human nature and of times in which he lived and the places to which God sent him."

All this may be true, but no one, knowing him as we did, could attribute such uniform power and results to personal magnetism, temperament, environment, or to an intellectual endowment. "*He was a man of God,*" and this power was an *Unction*, a gift from the other world, and one for which, as we have already said, he paid the *price*—the price of an unreserved consecration, a boundless faith, a sanctified daring, and an all-conquering dedication to the divine work of winning souls. This lifted him on to a lofty plane, and made him regard as of little account many of the things we so greatly prize. He sought not the honours that come from men, or even the Church ; but because his life was all reality, and his eye single, he was crowned with the honour that comes to the faithful and that is always the assured gift of God. "Them that honour Me, I will honour."

Yet, be it said, although my brother was, perhaps, one of the greatest evangelists of the day, he had no rough-and-ready ideas with regard to what we call "success" or "results." This was revealed in many ways and on many different occasions. I remember some few years ago his being invited by the late Rev. Peter Thompson to address the deaconesses associated with the East London Mission, than whom no Christian workers ever had a more difficult field of labour or were exposed to

more trying and soul-benumbing experiences. With that deep insight and sympathy that he possessed my brother entered into their difficulties and needs. The burden of his message was this—" You are not responsible for *results*, but for *fidelity*. The ultimate issues must always be left with God. The worker, whether deaconess or evangelist, has to be faithful, obedient, and God is responsible for the increase." He came to see me just after this meeting, and I can see his radiant face even now as he told me what he had said, and how it had cheered and encouraged these brave and devoted lady workers.

Few men knew better than he did that it is not given to all to achieve outstanding and startling successes ; fidelity, whatever our work and calling, was the all in all, and never failed to secure, be the visible results what they may, the Master's " Well done ! "

CHAPTER II

A SANCTIFIED PEN

“ While he was yet young, he published booklets setting forth what he held to be the Scriptural and Methodist doctrine of full salvation. His book on *New Testament Holiness* has brought light and joy to thousands who were seeking in vain the life of victory and power.”—REV. S. CHADWICK.

“ We must make ourselves over to God, and all that we have, to be used only for His glory, and in accordance with His will. As faithful stewards, we must be content to live only to carry out the wishes of Him to whom we belong. Under the old feudal system of personal homage, the vassal declared his submission and devotedness to his lord with uncovered head, ungirt belt, sword and spurs removed. Kneeling, he placed his hand between those of his lord and promised to become his man henceforth, to serve him with life and limb and worldly honour, faithfully, loyally. He sealed it all with a kiss. Something of the solemnity, completeness, and personal transfer of this old-time custom is in the act of the soul's submission and transfer to Christ. It is a real inward and outward transfer of self to God. It implies a surrender of our will at every point—the unconditional acceptance of His will as the rule of our life for ever.”—THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER II

A SANCTIFIED PEN

"When we make God's interests ours, He makes our interests His."—THOMAS COOK.

THE question is often raised in these days as to whether the Press or pulpit exerts the greater power. We need not stay to discuss the matter. Both are powerful, and both are world-wide in the range of their influence. There is a sense in which the living voice moves and thrills as does nought else, and yet the power of the printed page is one of the marvels of the age. My brother, ever alert and ever ready to do everything he could, left no means unused that might help forward the work of his adorable Lord. Thus his pen was placed at the divine service as well as his heart and his lips. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands have been helped and blessed through the reading of his works, more than half a million of which have been circulated.

His first work that passed through the Press was

a booklet for young converts, entitled *First Steps in the Way of Life ; or, Helps and Counsels to New Converts*. Several hundreds of thousands of this have sold and gone forth to do service in every part of the world. The booklet is characteristic, and abounds in helpful hints to those who are anxious to live the Christian life in holiness and honour. The following may be given as a specimen of its practical and honest teaching :

“ I have found it a good plan always on the first approach of doubt or perplexity to define my position immediately—that is, to repeat again the act of faith by which I first received Christ as my Saviour, and say in my heart, if not with my lips, ‘ *Jesus saves me now.*’ And because our continued peace and security depend upon the repetition constantly of this our first act of simple faith, we should frequently during each day after the same manner define our position, until believing becomes the very habit of our souls. It may be you will tremble sometimes ; but what the Irishman said is true, ‘ The Rock of Ages never does.’ Always remember that religion does not consist in ecstatic emotions, but in a fixed choice and purpose of heart to serve God ” (p. 8).

After this followed in close succession more book-

lets dealing specially with the higher experiences of the Christian life. Two of them were—*Entire Cleansing: The Present Tense of Grace*, and *Scriptural Perfection: What it is, and What it is Not*. Many editions of each of these have been sold, and a single quotation dealing with my brother's personal experience will indicate their nature and power :

“ How I wish I could describe how blessedly I have proved the completeness of Christ's saving and keeping power during ten beautiful years ! But all my utterances fail to express the preciousness of the constant manifestation of Christ to my soul as its perfect Saviour, and I cannot believe that my experience is necessarily exceptional. Blessings realized by one believer must be possible to all, because there is no respect of persons with God. That any Christian should rest satisfied short of a personal experience of the indescribable sweetness of perfect love, has been one of the greatest wonders of my life since God took full possession of my heart.

“ Do you, dear reader, enjoy this full salvation ? I do not ask when, where, or how you obtained it ; but do let me press the main question, Have you got it ? If not, *Why do you not claim your heritage ?* On God's part all is done ; the atonement is complete, the provision ample ; but you must

appropriate by faith the sanctifying power. This is the human side of the work. To the divine evidence and conviction you have that God is able and willing now to fully save you, there needs to be added just one thing more : a sure trust and confidence that He *doeth* it. Such faith springs up spontaneously in our hearts when our idols are dethroned ; but before we have made an absolute unconditional surrender of ourselves, and all we have to God, it is utterly impossible. ‘ We must have empty hands to grasp a whole Christ ’ ” (*Christian Perfection*, pp. 27-29).

In 1893 *My Mission Tour in South Africa* was published. The closing paragraph of this most interesting volume admirably sums up the whole and affords us a glimpse of that great and apostolic missionary journey :

“ Altogether during the six months I was in the country, I conducted two hundred and twenty services, with the result that upwards of six thousand persons, who had come to the age of decision, were led to openly confess Christ. Nearly two thousand of these were natives ; the others Europeans. At only one native circuit was a regular mission held, but at several other places services were held for the natives, and always with the same result—large

numbers declaring their intention to serve God. What would have been accomplished had I been able to visit other purely native circuits I do not know, but, judging from the results which followed at the places which I did visit, it is my impression that six months among these people would have resulted in the conversion of at least ten thousand souls. . . .

“ Soon after my conversion I had a remarkable dream. I stood by a lake fishing. Suddenly it became crowded with fish—so crowded that they could scarcely pass each other ; and as I gazed into the lake with astonishment, wondering what this meant, I heard a voice cry, ‘ I have chosen thee as a fisher of men.’ All kinds of fish were there. Many kinds I had seen before, but others I had never seen. After I awoke the thought came to me, that perhaps the fishes in the lake represented the souls God would give me if I remained faithful to Him. I have the conviction now, that in Africa some of the ‘ strange fish ’ were caught which I had seen in my dream ” (pp. 145-6, 153-4).

Three years after this my brother issued *Days of God's Right Hand: Our Mission Tour in Australasia and Ceylon*. The following brief extracts reveal the attractiveness and power of this soul-stirring volume, and at the same time throw a flood of light

upon the work and character of its author. He writes :

“ When the late Mr. Joshua Dawson, of Wear-dale, was dying, he told certain members of his family that the conviction had grown upon him during his illness that I should be sent to the ends of the earth to do the work of an evangelist. This from such a man, at such a time, coupled with similar impressions of my own, prepared me to respond favourably to the invitation of the South Australian Methodist Conference, which arrived a few months afterwards, to conduct missions under their auspices in various parts of Australia. Not that I believe in following blindly mere impulses.

“ Impressions produced by the Holy Spirit will survive the following tests : (1) No impression is from God if it would lead us to act contrary to the teaching of the Scriptures. (2) Nor are God-given convictions repugnant to enlightened reason. (3) They harmonize always with our moral intuitions—our sense of right. (4) Impressions of divine origin come gently, and the more they are prayed about the stronger they become. Other impressions often come with a rush, and fade away when we wait before God to know His will. (5) Outward providences confirm all inward impressions made on the



MR. JOSHUA DAWSON.

mind by the Holy Spirit, so shaping events as to facilitate the performance of the duty.

“ These tests are mentioned, because, often when we have reached ‘ a place where two ways met,’ they have helped us to discern divine guidance, and may help others. Certainly in the case of myself and wife, there was a precise adaptation of the Providence of God without, and the intimation of His Spirit within. Regarding both as an expression of God’s will, and each as illustrating and interpreting the other, we accepted the invitation of the Australian brethren, and commenced without delay to prepare for the journey ” (pp. 11-12).

As in South Africa the tour was wondrously blessed of God, and referring to the work in Australia alone the volume says :

“ During eighteen months we had travelled twenty-five thousand miles, and visited all the large towns of the seven colonies, without a single hitch in the arrangements. Nothing had been permitted to interfere with the work. We had perfect health, and strength had been given me to conduct five hundred and sixty services. The results will be revealed in eternity. We had large expectations, but they were more than realized. Figures are not always reliable, but without them it is difficult to discriminate between one work of God and another.

The same indefinite phrases might be used of a hundred conversions as of a thousand. Nearly ten thousand persons passed through our inquiry-rooms. . . . We have no thought but to magnify the grace of God and to stimulate the faith of His workers. When we weigh these facts, and take into account the widely-extending influence of such a work, may we not well exclaim, 'What hath God wrought ! ' ? ' ' (pp. 298-9).

My brother's next book—which I do not hesitate to describe as his greatest and most important work, and from which many quotations are made in this volume—was entitled *New Testament Holiness*. It is, perhaps, the most clear, practical, and complete treatise on this great subject that has yet been printed in the English language. It has sold by the thousand, and hundreds have been led into the light through perusing its carefully-written pages. And as my object in writing this book is to present a picture of Thomas Cook as he really was in his inner and spiritual life, I here reproduce the account, as printed in *New Testament Holiness*, of his entrance into the blessing of full salvation. He writes :

"The circumstances were as follows: A few friends who had received 'full salvation' during the evangelist's [Mr. Joshua Dawson] visit decided

to meet together week by week, to encourage each other in the way, and assist those who might be seeking the experience. It was at the first meeting where the Lord met me. After listening to their experiences I could bear no longer, but asked them to begin at once to pray that I might enter in. I fell upon my knees with the determination not to rise again until my request was granted. The passage, 'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' was instantly applied to my heart, and with such power as I had never felt before. What a fulness of meaning I saw in the words! Was I walking in the light? Truthfully I could answer, 'Yes, Lord; so far as I know Thy will I am doing it, and will do it, by Thy grace helping me.' I then saw that the passage was not so much a promise as a plain declaration. If I walked in the light, the full cleansing from sin was my heritage, and all I had to do was to immediately claim it. Without a moment's hesitation I did so, and cried out at the top of my voice, '*I claim the blessing now.*' My friends then began to sing:

' 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace,'

“While they sang the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God. Oh, the indescribable sweetness of that moment ! ” (pp. 205-6).

Thomas Cook's latest volume was published but two years ago. It is entitled, *Soul-Saving Preaching*, and sums up all his thoughts and ideas upon evangelism. He says: “It is not a treatise on homiletics, but a plain statement of what I learned by observation and experience during the more than twenty years I was engaged in evangelistic work.” The whole spirit of the man and the book may be judged from the opening sentences :

“Men called of God to preach should have some measure of success in the work to which they have been appointed. The old rule, ‘gifts, grace, and fruit,’ must never be departed from. A farmer always planting and never reaping; a lawyer always pleading, but never gaining a verdict; a physician always prescribing, but never healing—these men would soon know they had mistaken their calling. And if nothing but barrenness marks a preacher's course, there must be something wrong. The number of those won for Christ may be greater or less, but some should be won and others helped

and blessed. Men sent of God will go about their work in such a spirit that some will bow before their force. Results will vary with different temperaments and constitutions, but there must be results if we are to make full proof of our ministry " (p. 9).

It would be a mistake, however, to regard my brother's books as the only or best product of his consecrated pen. The pages of *Joyful News*, and still more those of the *Out and Out* magazine, of which he was one of the founders twenty-five years ago, bear witness to his activity in this direction. But even these are not all. My brother was a great letter writer. I know no man of modern times who wrote more private letters than he did ; and every letter he penned was not only a model of neatness, but worthy of the great Master whom he so passionately loved and served. I have seen hundreds of them, and they have all breathed the true spirit of Christ and kept " First things first."

Being a younger brother, he naturally took a great interest in me, and so long as I can remember was lovingly concerned in my future life and work. We were life-long correspondents. When I began to preach, then when I entered college, and afterwards when in the active work of the ministry, he never failed to help me and to urge me to live for

the highest and the best. Here are a few of his burning counsels given me in the days of my youth :

“ Live for souls. Everything else will pass away. A soul saved starts influences that are eternal.”

“ Now your ministry is to begin, God grant it may be fruitful in the best sense ! It will be, if you sacrifice everything rather than the saving of souls.”

This was always the burden of his message and the point of his exhortation.

Years after the above-named letters were written I was in some difficulty as to my future movements. I wrote him at once, as I always did when any matter affecting my life, home, or work was concerned. By return of post came the following counsel :

“ Do not trouble about the matter. God will over-rule for good whatever is done. Our only concern moment by moment should be, ‘ Am I in the will of God ? ’ If I am, all is well. Misgivings about the providence of God lie at the root of all undue care. He has taken better care of our past and secured better results for the present than we dared to hope for, and our future will be all right. I shall pray that His plans may not be interfered with.”

As it was with his brother, so it was with others. Hundreds of young preachers, as well as many, many others in almost every sphere of life, could testify to his sympathy, kindness, and patience in writing to them in their times of stress and need. Many of these letters have come into my possession, and they all breathe the same spirit and tell the same tale. As an evidence of the tone and nature of his correspondence I have headed each chapter with an extract from letters written to a single person (Mr. H. H. Roberts) during the past five years. Then I have by me a number of others written to another lay evangelist (Mr. A. Kemp). They speak volumes, and with one or two paragraphs from these interesting epistles we may bring this chapter to a close :

“ The work you are doing is hard and exacting, but the possibilities are great. To save a soul from death is worth a life-long effort. God will remember your faithful work, and bless you for it. Be a man of prayer. All victories won in public are won in private first.”

“ I am delighted to learn of your progress. As long as souls are being saved, financial and other success is assured. To win souls we must be determined and not easily frightened. It is wonderful how God helps when we attempt something. When we get our inspiration at the Cross our impulses to

service should never be crushed. Intuition is more divine than experience, and the intuitions of our youth are a nobler force than the experience of age. Some are so afraid of making mistakes that they never do anything. All impulses that compel you to do Christlike deeds should always be followed. God bless you more and more ! ”

That “ *God bless you !* ” was ever a favourite expression of his. Relatives and friends and inquirers were alike accorded it, and it was never more sincerely given or more comprehensive in its meaning than when it came from the lips or pen of Thomas Cook. God had “ blessed ” him, and the greatest thing he could wish for others was that He would “ bless ” them also. He was unshakable in the belief that “ The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith ” (Proverbs x. 22). They were the very last words I heard him utter, and passing years will never dim the recollection of the sweet notes as they sounded in my heart and ears.

CHAPTER III

A SUCCESSFUL PRINCIPAL

“ I have told more than once the romantic story of Cliff College. But I have never yet told, and indeed can never hope to make my friends fully understand, what Cliff—in other words, what Thomas Cook—has been to me and mine in personal influence. Twice, with an interval of seven years, I have lived at Cliff in companionship with Mr. and Mrs. Cook. He has not only opened the door of his study and allowed me there to read his holiest thoughts and loftiest aspirations, but he has placed his correspondence without reserve in my hands, and I have seen many of the most sacred things of his life. I, for one, can never wonder at the singular trust and love and devotion of the ‘ Cliff ’ men, both those who are now in the college and those who have passed into fuller training, or into the actual work of the ministry at home and abroad. He laid his mind on their minds, and they thought in his thoughts. No more sacred inheritance could a typical Cliff man enjoy than the Elisha portion of Thomas Cook’s Elijah spirit.”—REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

“ What he has meant to Cliff College no man knows, and what Cliff College will do without him none can tell. We can only give praise to Him who gave, and trust in Him who has also taken away.”—REV. S. CHADWICK.

CHAPTER III

A SUCCESSFUL PRINCIPAL

“Difficulties make men. This discipline is to prepare you for something greater.”—THOMAS COOK.

IN the summer of 1903 my beloved brother was appointed Principal of Cliff College, Calver, near Sheffield. The college, with an estate of twenty or more acres, had just been purchased by the Wesleyan Home Missionary Committee to carry on and extend the work that had been so magnificently begun by the late Rev. Thomas Champness. It was intended to serve as a training home for lay workers and evangelists, and to be the headquarters of a great evangelistic movement that would influence the whole land, and the Church abroad as well as at home. In this it has been astonishingly successful, having exceeded the highest expectations of those who were the prime movers in the great scheme.

One and all, however, have not hesitated to attribute the glorious result to the life and work

and character of its first Principal, Thomas Cook. Institutions are generally made or marred by the men who are placed at their head, and this is specially true where young men and young preachers are concerned. The case of Cliff College has been no exception to the rule, and it is not too much to say that Thomas Cook was the God-given man for this important and arduous position.

When the appointment was first declared, many, and naturally so, were sceptical as to the wisdom of the choice. Was not Thomas Cook an evangelist? How could an evangelist administer, control, finance, and generally direct a great and complex household and estate? For a generation the Church to which he belonged had studiously passed by evangelists in the constitution of its committees and in all their representative and administrative work. No wonder, then, that some had their doubts, and especially when it is so difficult to realize the qualities and powers that go to make a wise and strong evangelist. They are the very gifts and endowments that men look for in the general in the army, the merchant prince, the skilled organiser, and the powerful advocate. All these qualities had a place in the strong and many-sided nature of Thomas Cook, even from a boy, and so those who knew him best were not surprised at his administrative skill, his business aptitude, or the sanity

and power of his governorship. In these respects he was like his great co-evangelists, D. L. Moody and General William Booth, who were not only mighty soul-winners, but successfully controlled vast and complex organizations.

From the first my brother realized the significance of the appointment and the tremendous possibilities it involved, and so from the first he brought to bear upon it all the consecrated gifts and powers that he possessed. He had the unshaken idea that the position would not only enable him to carry on the great work to which he had dedicated his life, but that by training and inspiring other workers and preachers he would be multiplying his efforts again and again.

The thought of being Principal never stirred him ; he had no more ambition to be that than he had to be President of the Conference. But when he saw in it the possibility of extended service, and increased effectiveness as an instrument in the salvation of the people, he solemnly accepted the position and bent all his energies to making the most of it to the glory of God and the extension of the Kingdom. Henceforth it was to him the "one thing." For nine years he lived for the college, sparing himself no pains, no burdens, and no sacrifices ; but it was only because he lived for his Lord, whom he loved better than life itself.

During his administration nothing was regarded as trivial or unimportant. He brought his doctrine of Christian perfection down to the minutest thing as well as to the loftiest duty. Everything was God's work. So whether preaching or digging, studying or cleaning, praying or building, and the men had to do all, they were taught to do their best, and to do it as unto the Lord.

On one occasion when I was staying at the college he asked the brethren to remain behind after tea as he had something to say to them. That afternoon he had noticed two of the students neglecting their manual work. It pained him much, and he must needs speak of it. In grave and earnest tones he reminded the brethren of their vows, and said that men who shirked their duty in the lesser things of life would most surely do it in the greater ; if a man could not be trusted, under the rules and conditions of the college, to do his fair share of work, he could never be trusted with the charge of a church or with the souls of perishing men and women ! It was, indeed, a strong tonic, but every man left the room that afternoon feeling that every task, however menial, might be, and in future would be, the means of self-culture and of bringing honour to their religion and to God. Thus it was in everything. His motives and impulses were always of the highest and holiest.

It has been said that the preaching of my brother centred in the two great experiences of his life—the conversion of the soul and the entire sanctification of the believer. He rarely ventured outside the orbit of these great and all-important questions, but within their limits he moved with majesty and power. It was much the same at Cliff College. He left to others the general educational, Biblical, and theological instruction, but to no man would he delegate the duty of impressing the students with the great facts and realities of these triumphant spiritual experiences. Conversion was the beginning, the great and essential beginning, but only a beginning. God's purpose was to exclude all sin from the heart, and fill it with His own pure love. "When love fills the heart," he was accustomed to say, "all the graces of the Holy Spirit shall be ours without any of their opposites, just as a room filled with light implies the total expulsion of darkness." To this life of purity and love, both by precept and example, he constantly exhorted the men.

"We all loved him," writes one of the old students. "His teaching will live. His incessant appeals and exhortations to preach 'soul-saving sermons,' and to explain the plan of 'full salvation,' will continue to ring through our lives."

The fact that my brother lived and spoke through

the inspiration of this hallowed experience explains perhaps, more than anything else, the influence he exerted over the men. This was as remarkable as it was rare. His words sometimes might have been short and decisive, but they were never rough and never unbrotherly. The men always obeyed with alacrity, and their obedience was tempered by a humble affection. An old student who has visited us many times has often spoken to us of this. He had known occasions when some of the men had inwardly resolved not to do certain things, but when my brother sent for them and delivered his request all the spirit of opposition broke down, and they felt what "curs" they had been for harbouring a single thought of opposition to his will and desire. From every part of the world testimony has come from the old Cliff men that he was to them a "friend," a "brother," and a "father." With one voice they have said, "*We all loved him.*" The Rev. Walter J. Gadsby writes :

"It is difficult to realize that the hand that held mine in such a brotherly grasp at the recent Conference is cold and still, and the kindly eyes that invited my confidence have closed for ever, and the gentle persuasive voice that sounded words of wise counsel has trembled into silence. What a marvellous use Thomas Cook made of that precious

gift of voice ! For how many thousands in this land, and in the lands beyond the sea, have been moved Godward as they listened to the Gospel he proclaimed with such power !

“ The most cherished memories of my ministry circle around the personal influence of Thomas Cook, and to him I largely owe the great ideals of service with which I commenced my work on the foreign field. The greater part of his ministry was consecrated to the special work of evangelistic missions, and he met with phenomenal success ; but great as that work was, I think it has been equalled, if not surpassed, by the magnificent service he has rendered as Principal of Cliff College. Each student has been brought into close thought-touch with the practical evangelism of the Principal, and, as a result, in many a heart a holy passion for souls has been enkindled, and he has left behind a large succession to preach the Evangel he loved.”

Much the same gentle and mystic influence was exerted upon the casual visitor as well as on the summer guests who flocked to the place for their annual holiday and change. There was about him the unmistakable attraction of a sanctified personality, the aroma of other-worldliness, and yet all the fascination of a man of affairs, and of one who knew something of the life of men and of the great

world in which they lived and moved. But never, never, was there any doubt that Thomas Cook was on the side of the angels, and lived in the very presence of the Eternal. All who came into touch with him knew it and felt it. One who has stayed at the college again and again has written :

“Cliff College without Mr. Cook is unthinkable to anybody who has ever been privileged to cross the threshold in any capacity whatever. Guests, tutors, men, and maidservants all loved him. Even the tramp knew he had found a friend, when he looked into that open countenance. Abler pens than mine will write of his life, his work, his character, but we who have year after year sat by his side as his guests can never forget his Biblical interpretations, stories of soul-saving and soul-keeping grace, of likely students, future extension, consolidation and continuity of the work for which he lived and has died. We have precious memories that time can never eliminate. We shall never look upon his like again.”

Fourteen days after he was laid to rest the students, at the beginning of the new term, held a memorial service in the college chapel. It was the spontaneous expression of their admiration and love for one who had magnified the grace of God before their eyes. It went to the hearts of all

present to hear what these men had to say of their old Principal. They spoke of his administrative ability and unique personality, of his wonderful strength and tenderness, how he had encouraged them in times of weakness and disappointment, and, above all, how he had exalted their vision of Christ and His service, and had led them gently and yet triumphantly into the experience of full salvation. All through the service there was a gracious and reverent spirit, and from the manner and tone of these men one could not help but thank God that He had ever given them such a Principal—a man who had been an inspiration to them in all the higher and holier exercises of life.

The appreciation of my brother's saintly character and unique service was aptly expressed in a resolution that was adopted by the Wesleyan Home Mission Committee, under which he had laboured the whole of his ministerial career, on September 24, 1912. The reference to Cliff College is as follows :

“ Mr. Cook's name will always be associated with the establishment and management of Cliff College for the training of lay workers. Here it was that the best qualities of his varied character found ample scope for fullest play. To his business aptitude, his tact, his manifest sincerity and earnestness, his wonderful persuasive powers, and, above

all, his simple, trustful faith in the leading and guiding hand of God, the success of Cliff College owes and will ever owe more than can be told. He was an ideal head for such an institution. By his deep, warm, enthusiastic piety, coupled with genial, kindly ways, he exercised the best Christian influence over the young men under his care. So well known was Mr. Cook that it is almost unnecessary to delineate his characteristics. His lovable disposition, the pureness of his soul, his unaffected humility and freedom from self-assertion, and withal his manly strength and courage were known and felt by all, and led all to take him to their heart as a true man and a true Christian."

III

A FRAGRANT LIFE

- I. THE PRAYER LIFE
- II. A LIFE OF HOLINESS
- III. THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE PRESENCE
- IV. A WINSOME PERSONALITY

CHAPTER I

THE PRAYER LIFE

"Prayer is to the spiritual life what air is to the physical. Make it a daily rule never to see the face of man until you have seen the face of God. Each day is a new life ; make sure of a good beginning. The devil may be so thoroughly beaten in the morning, that his assault will be feeble all the rest of the day. . . . The spirit of prayer should also be cultivated until we form the habit of associating prayer with all we do. Our petitions need not always be uttered in words. Prayer in the form of a silent aspiration of the soul should be continually breathed out to God, whether we are in solitude or surrounded by the busy crowd. . . . We should finish each day as we begin it, on our knees. Before retiring to rest always review the day, and ask pardon for the wrong you have done. . . . Be men and women of prayer. None are eminent for piety and usefulness who neglect this duty. All who would win great victories for God in public must first prevail in the solitude of their own chambers."—THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER I

THE PRAYER LIFE

"We must do our best to revive prayer-meetings. They have almost died out. Let us emphasize everywhere the need there is of more prayer."—THOMAS COOK.

ON hearing of the death of my brother, the Rev. G. Armstrong Bennetts, B.A., wrote to express his sympathy with us in our loss. Among other kind and gracious things he said was this :

"How glorious is the crown to which your dear brother has gone ! I loved him very much, and always felt when I was in his company that he had what Mr. Aitken, senior, used to call 'the baptism of glory' ; what Joseph Cook called 'the solar look.' His very demeanour was radiant with the light of 'the Sun of Righteousness.' He carried with him the dynamic might of a fully consecrated personality. The name of God was in his forehead."

My firm conviction is that the secret of all this is to be discovered in the fact that Thomas Cook

was a man of prayer. It was the atmosphere in which he lived and worked from the day of his conversion to the day of his death. He dwelt on the hills of God, and was made strong by the freshest and purest breezes of heaven : he was much on the Mount, and when he came down among men, even as with Moses of old, his face shone with the light of heaven and the glory of God. No one ever came into contact with him without feeling it, and recognizing that he moved in the heavenlies and walked as a son of God.

The first impression of this came to me in a strange way. It was when quite a boy. I could not have been more than ten or eleven years of age, and Tom would be seventeen or eighteen. It was the dinner hour, and we were both home from school. I had run upstairs for something that I thought was in his room. Whilst looking about the place I heard footsteps, and not wishing to be seen I stealthily crept under the bed. Tom entered the room, quietly closed the door, and kneeling down by his bedside poured out his soul unto God with such love-passion and filial devotion that my young soul was moved to its deepest depths. From that moment prayer was a new thing to me ; instead of appearing a duty, it became radiant with all that makes delightful intercourse and charming and exalted fellowship. Even now, when I think

of it, it makes me understand, as I could never otherwise have done, the lines :

“ When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.”

A remarkable coincidence. More than twenty years after this child experience I was relating the fact to my wife. She smiled and said, “ Why, how strange ! I remember much the same thing.” My brother’s first mission as a connexional evangelist was held in Bristol, and he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Gardner, whose second daughter I married fourteen years afterwards. At the time of the mission she would be about ten years of age, and she and her sister grew up to call my brother “ Uncle Tom.” It was a regular custom of his to pray aloud whether at home or in strange houses. He prayed after this manner when staying with my wife’s parents, and with all the curiosity of children she and her sister used to stand outside his door listening. “ Why does Uncle Tom pray aloud ? ” they kept asking each other ; and yet they were so awed that they could not resist the inclination to stand and listen to his quiet, fervent out-breathings unto the Father in heaven.

The habit and power of prayer grew upon him ; it was always one of the most important factors in

his life. When he was but nineteen years of age, and before he had left home as a special missionary, he wrote to his dear friend and counsellor, Mr. Joshua Dawson, telling him of the blessing God had given in some week-end services. The letter is dated January 5, 1879. A single quotation will be sufficient to show how things were in his own heart and mind :

“ Mr. Elliott got a great blessing. He came out to the altar for a deeper work, and seemed to get greatly blessed. I had tea with him on Sunday afternoon, after which I proposed that we should all relate our experiences. This being over, prayer was agreed to, and the Lord came wonderfully near. Whilst Mr. Elliott prayed he was so filled he could not speak, but began to weep. The glory filled his soul and ours. We rejoiced together in the Lord, and went to chapel in that blessed condition.”

Few men believed in prayer more than he did, but perhaps no human being helped him more in this direction than Mr. Dawson. This Revivalist of the Dales was the mightiest man in prayer I ever met. If any one ever prayed “ without ceasing ” he did. Sometimes when a boy I stayed in his home, and it was no unusual thing for him to say to me, as we walked through fields or across the moor, “ Come, let us have a few words of

prayer " ; and down on our knees we went, and he would send to heaven such a torrent of prayer that I was not only amazed, but carried away myself, young as I was. Tom must have had hundreds of such experiences, and they undoubtedly helped to form his strong and prayerful character.

To the last my brother never ceased to tell of one of Mr. Dawson's answers to prayer. Weardale was in the throes of a great lock-out or strike. The lead mines were all idle, and the miners, with their wives and families, were starving. Things looked hopeless, and the men were preparing to emigrate. Mr. Dawson made it a matter of constant and earnest prayer, and one day, rising from his knees, and knowing the men were just about to complete their arrangements to depart, he rushed down to the village where they were all congregated, and said, " Men, you must not go. The mines are going to be opened ; work will be resumed in a few days." The men knew Mr. Dawson, and they knew that he prayed. At once all negotiations were broken off, and in less than a week they were back at work. My brother regarded this as an illustration of the passage : " He made known His ways unto Moses, His doings unto the children of Israel " (Psalm ciii. 7). God's " friends," the faithful and the trustful, knew what He was going to do *before* He did it ; others, only *afterwards*, in His

“doings.” “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” Tom never ceased to live and work and pray that he might be worthy to know “the secret of the Lord”; and, certain it is, if one man can judge of another, he lived “in the secret place of the Most High.”

Here is an incident with which I have been familiar for thirty years; it occurred in the very early days of my brother's evangelistic career. He was working with a young ministerial friend, and they were such chums that they decided to sleep together. One night they retired as usual, and after conversing an hour or more fell asleep. About two o'clock my brother's companion awoke, and to his astonishment found the dear lad upon his knees lovingly and fervently saying—“My Father, my Heavenly Father, Thou art mine, and I am Thine; Thou art mine, and I am Thine.” The young minister listened with astonished awe, and then fell asleep again. At four o'clock he awoke once more, and Tom was still in the same attitude, and still making the same protestations of love: “My Father, my Heavenly Father, Thou art mine, and I am Thine; Thou art mine, and I am Thine.” I have occupied the same room with him many, many times, and have heard him pray and make use of the same fond expression again and again.

That this gives a true insight into his devout and

holy character, no one who knew him intimately will deny; and the days of manhood were not different from the days of boyhood. When he was appointed Principal of Cliff College, he still worked on the prayer line, as he had done all through his evangelistic career. This was so even in the ordinary mundane and financial concerns of the place. No one will ever know in this world how much the prayers of the Principal had to do with the success of the college and the raising of the large sums of money needed for the purposes of construction and maintenance. Much has been written of this elsewhere, but I may give one instance that he mentioned to me. He had determined upon a scheme. It meant several thousand pounds. Already much had been done, but the "Cloud" was leading him to a further effort. He kept praying, and was assured that if the Lord wanted him to go on with the work He would put it into the heart of some one to send him special help. Only a few days passed when a lady wrote and said she had a thousand pounds to spare, and if he had any use for it he could have it with pleasure. He sat down and wrote her at once, telling her the whole story, and both were assured that it was of the Lord. The cheque was forwarded, and within a short time the scheme was triumphantly completed.

These incidents, however, should not let it be supposed that his faith was never tried. Perhaps few men knew more of this ; but, then, he always insisted that God was true to His word, and that He would never lose His character over a man like himself. Thus he reverently laid hold of the divine word, and stuck to it. I have heard him say many times that Satan often came to him before going to a mission service. He suggested doubts as to God's presence and power and help ; then he turned upon himself, and said, " What's the use of you going to preach ? You can't preach, and if you can, the people won't believe, and what is more, they won't move for you. You had better give it up, or, at any rate, you had better not expect any results, for you won't see any ! "

He has told me that this conflict generally went on when he was upon his knees seeking help and power for the service ; the battle was often terribly severe. But he always conquered, and sometimes the victory came in this way. He rose from his knees, put out the light, drew up the blind, and gazed upon the starry heavens. Having studied astronomy, and knowing something of the scope and magnitude of the celestial world, he asked himself : " By whose power do the sun and moon and stars exist ? By whose hand have they been planted in the heaven above, and are kept in their

brilliant, shining orbits ? Surely the hand of God, the hand of *my* God, of the God who has called me to preach, to be an evangelist, and who has promised to make me a fisher of men ! He *cannot* fail ; He will *not* fail ; He will be with me and help me ; His word shall not return unto Him void ! ” Then he repeated the victorious lines :

“ Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

“ His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.”

When writing this volume, I was staying with a ministerial friend, and one morning reading to him this chapter on “ Prayer,” he told me that some years ago the Rev. S. Chadwick and he were conversing about my brother. The minister had often wondered, as so many others had done, what was the secret of his marvellous power. “ How do you account for it, Mr. Chadwick ? ” he asked. The reply was : “ Have you ever heard Thomas Cook pray in the vestry before beginning a service ? He pleads and wrestles and claims as no man I

have ever known does, and when you get up from your knees you feel that anything may happen." "*Anything may happen!*" Yes, and the "anything," the marvellous did happen, for God honoured the message of the man who had honoured Him with his fervent requests and his simple yet mighty faith. "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 24).

CHAPTER II

A LIFE OF HOLINESS

“God’s purpose is to exclude all sin from our hearts, that there may be nothing in us contrary to pure love. . . . Growth in grace must be more rapid and systematic after this fulness of love is received than before, for the reasons I have already named ; and universal testimony confirms the teaching. My heart may be fully cleansed from sin, and filled with love ; but it is capable of indefinite expansion. Like intellectual power, love-power develops by its use. With an ever-increasing capacity, there will be possible an ever-increasing growth. But you will do well to read on this subject. As every road in England points to London, so in the Bible everything points to holiness. The memoirs of our Methodist fathers will stir your hearts. When I read them, the spark of desire in my heart was fanned into a mighty flame. I felt what God had done for them He could do for me. As they followed Christ, let us follow them. May the mantle of Stoner, Bramwell, and Collins fall upon the readers of these words!”—
THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER II

A LIFE OF HOLINESS

"Be still and trust in the Lord. He will vindicate your character in ways you know nothing about."—THOMAS COOK.

IF holiness and saintliness are one and the same thing, then it may be said that Thomas Cook lived the life of a saint and did honour to the life of holiness. If one may be permitted to say so, I have never known any man whose living so corresponded with his teaching as did that of my brother ; and, perhaps, few ever had more opportunity of watching and judging another's life than I had of his life. In youth and manhood, at home and abroad, in private and in company, in the street and in the church, in work and in play, in sickness and in health, and alas ! in the very hour of death, I was with him, watched him, and admired him to the last degree ! He lived and died a saint of God.

The first post after his lovely spirit had gone home to God brought me many letters, and among them one from the Rev. John Bell of the Wesleyan

Home Mission Committee. This is what he said, and my only apology for quoting it is that it is an outside testimony to the life of practical holiness that he lived :

“ No one knows how deeply I feel his death, for no one knows how I loved him. From the first time I met him—now eighteen years since—I conceived affection for him. I have regarded him among the purest souls I ever knew. I unhesitatingly say that I never saw him do a deed, or utter a word, nor could I ever suspect him of thinking a thought that one could disapprove of. We have lost a beautiful character, and no one can regret it more than I.”

Similar to this were the words used by the Rev. Arthur Hoyle in the *Methodist Recorder* :

“ I have been accustomed to say that Thomas Cook was a man who professed entire sanctification, and that he was a man who seemed to me to have the right to profess entire sanctification. I never knew one word, one tone, at variance with the uttermost that a Christian should be.”

My brother lived the life. It has been said that this is better than teaching or preaching the doc-

trine. Perhaps so ; but it is still better when a man is able to do both. The teacher who translates his words into action is destined to accomplish far more than one who simply *does*, and yet can give no reasoned statement of the why and the wherefore, to say nothing of the man who teaches and yet does not follow his own precepts. Nothing is more powerful than theory backed up by practice. This is where he had the advantage, and why during the course of his ministry he led thousands into the light, and the *life* ! His ideal was an attainable ideal, his saintliness a possible saintliness, and his holiness a practical holiness. He lived that which he taught.

" I have been reading this," wrote one who serves the Church as a local preacher, " ' The utmost reach of some men's spiritual ambition is to keep from sin, and to walk in a straight path. Jesus Christ, on the other hand, raised righteousness to its highest power when He showed how it could become beautiful and attractive. A soul must be more than right. It must be beautiful to win other souls into the paths of righteousness.' Such was Thomas Cook. No truer word could be uttered concerning him than that he proclaimed, with unceasing devotion, the possibility of the attainment of holiness in this life, and that he laboured as earnestly to prove, by his own living,

his belief in that which he taught. The beautiful creed and the beautiful life still live."

He taught PURITY OF HEART—and his heart was as pure as the sunlight. No one ever heard him say or do anything that would bring a blush to the cheek, and what is more impressive still, no one would ever have dared in his presence to trifle with any of the sanctities of life. "Wherever he went people were impressed with the purity of his spirit, the nobility of his bearing, and the dignity of the Christian character." He was not only the apostle of the higher life, the preacher of holiness and of perfect love, but its stamp was upon his countenance and its mark upon all he said and did. In writing of him the Rev. Edward Davidson has quoted the lines :

" And weary folks who passed him in the street
Saw Christ's love beam from out his wistful eyes,
And had new confidence in God and man."

All classes have testified that the purity of his soul found expression upon his face. As far back as 1888 a correspondent in the *Cambria Daily Leader* said :

" If a face depicts the healthiness of a man's soul, Mr. Cook's face is a looking-glass of exceptional



REV. AND MRS. THOMAS COOK, AS THEY WERE DURING THEIR
AUSTRALASIAN TOUR, 1894-95.

brilliance. Who is there that could fail to become impressed with such a man? His face strikes every one who has seen him with the feeling of being face to face with a man brimful of zeal, full to overflowing with love for his work and for his Master; utterly destitute of selfishness; a man who has learnt the art of devotion, and that solely. Certainly he has a peculiar power of attraction, and he uses it powerfully."

"You could not help looking at him," was the dictum of another. It was the out-shining of the purity of his soul, and God used it to the glory of His name.

One instance may be given. A fellow traveller relates how when they were upon the high seas my brother one night casually went into the smoke-room. Much gambling was going on as usual. But as soon as he entered the room it all ceased, and not a card was played until he was gone. His companion asked one of the players why the cards were placed on the table. The ready reply was, "Why, who could play in the presence of a face like that?" This was, indeed, typical of the influence he exerted, and of the power of that purity of heart and life which was the admiration of all who knew him.

Then he taught PERFECT LOVE—and love governed

his every thought and word and action. Said John Wesley, "By perfection I mean the humble, gentle, patient love of God and our neighbour, ruling our tempers, words, and actions." If this be the standard, Thomas Cook was one of the perfect of the earth, and some have not hesitated to say that he was. An eminent minister has written of him :

"There was real greatness about him, the greatness of perfect goodness. As far as we can judge, I think we need not hesitate to say that Thomas Cook was a perfect Christian."

Certain it is, love and peace radiated from him as light and heat come from the sun. Many felt it, but few knew it as did those of his own home and family. His loving disposition was only matched by his deeds of love. And these were as touching as they were numerous. Where there was need there was help, and where love could act there was no hesitancy and no restraint. The choicest of these are too sacred to be placed in cold type, but they are a precious memory to the relatives and friends who live to mourn his loss.

The case, however, has been pathetically stated by an anonymous writer. In a letter to the *Methodist Recorder* on the morrow of my brother's death he wrote :

“ Thomas Cook was a saint ! You can tell a saint by the way he treats those who are fallen, who have been defeated in the battle of life. He does not scorn them, nor pass them by on the other side, nor lecture them, saying they ought to be ashamed of themselves for falling ! but reaches out a helping hand to lift them up again. That is what Thomas Cook did for the writer when he was in the agony of remorse and despair. It is a great mystery such a man should be taken away. I wish I could have died instead of him ! ”

The letter was signed “ *Heartbroken.* ”

“ Heartbroken ” is but one of a crowd. Many are they who could tell of his benefactions, his kindnesses, his sympathy, in a word—his love. One who has had access to his private correspondence has said, “ I have been greatly humbled by reading Mr. Cook’s correspondence ; it reveals so much concerning people’s confidence in him.” This very confidence was the product of his fine, Christian love. It touched him at every point, and at no point did it fail him. “ Perfect love ” not only expelled fear, resentment, uncharitableness, bitterness, and all kindred passions and feelings, but it clothed him with a graciousness and winsomeness that attracted all and repelled none.

In a beautiful article on "Perfect Love" my brother has written :

" We receive love when we receive God. If we would have love, we must seek Him. God is love, and love is God. More love means more of God. Perfect love means that we have opened all the avenues of our being, and that He has come and taken possession of every chamber. . . . ' He that has made his home in love, has his home in God, and God has His home in him.' "

This was the dynamic power behind all he said or did, and it not only made his life beautiful in the eyes of his fellow-men, but enabled him to say :

" I worship Thee, sweet will of God,
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more."

He taught SINGLENESS OF EYE—and purity of motive and singleness of aim distinguished him to the last. " A sincere aim in everything I do to please God is the sum and substance of Christian perfection " ; " God looks more at what we intend to do, than at what we do." These were some of his sayings, and few men strove more mightily or loftily to please God than he did.

"No man ever known to me," writes Mr. Smart, in the *Methodist Recorder*, "has seemed to live so closely with God as Mr. Cook, or to be so anxious to know and do the divine will. . . . He sought no honours from his Church, and, indeed, received none, except the honours of arduous service. Popularity was nothing to him except as a means to an end; and the end ever present to his mind was the salvation of men and the glory of God. He once remarked to me that if at last his Master should express by look or word disappointment with his service, as if He had looked for more fruit or better fruit, he thought it would break his heart. His only ambition was that, whether here or there, he might be well-pleasing to the Lord."

I believe it may be truthfully stated that this was his invariable attitude throughout the whole of his Christian career. When he was a candidate for the ministry and went home unaccepted, "not one bitter word or one alienated tone escaped him." Others complained, but he did not. He was satisfied that he was in the will of God, and that in His own time God would open a door which no man could shut. So he returned home as trustfully and as joyfully as he had left. Then after he was accepted, and the question arose as to whether he was to go to college or not, he leaned not to his own desire, but waited for the manifestation of

the will of God. Writing to Mr. Dawson in June 1882 he says :

“ Our Committee have invited us both to remain another year, which invitation Brother Davidson has accepted. In my own case it stands over until Conference decides whether or not I am to go to college. I am praying for divine guidance, and believe the Lord will direct my steps. I have written Mr. McAuley informing him of these particulars without expressing any desire either for or against the Institution.”

In this and in all other things his eye was single. Well do I remember his telling me of an incident that touched him to the quick. It occurred at one of the popular watering-places on the east coast of Yorkshire, and in the very height of the summer season. It was Sunday evening, and the church was packed in every part long before the service should begin. Just before going into the pulpit the stewards suggested a certain modification of the service, which meant interfering with the after-meeting and the gathering in of precious fruit. My brother, ever jealous for the all-important thing, demurred, and finally resolved to follow his usual course. He knew it would displease these officials, but he was no opportunist, and he went forward on his own lines, although it cost him much, as he

was the last man in the world needlessly to hurt the feelings of any one.

Talking the matter over with him later, I asked, "What was it that led you to take the step you did?" He gravely replied, "I felt that if I had done anything else God would have lost confidence in me!" That night a great harvest of souls was reaped. Verily he lived as in the sight of his all-seeing Master, and he had no end to serve and no motive to inspire him other than that which would gain His Lord's approval and secure His "Well done!"

It has been said that my brother "mastered every phase of the doctrine of holiness. He read continually on the subject, and his reading strengthened and enriched his teaching, but never modified it. From the first he had a well-defined doctrine, a set of clearly-stated propositions, and an invincible faith in its experience." This is all true, but as the Rev. C. W. Andrews, B.A., B.D., has said:

"It was *the man himself* that made you understand and believe in holiness. . . . It is impossible to recall a word, a gesture, a look, a tone, a sign of any sort of temper, that was ever inconsistent with the holiness he taught us to believe in."

Naturally such a man was not content with

merely talking about holiness or preaching on the great subject; he did his utmost to promote organizations that would help to spread the doctrine. His aggressiveness was as marked as his saintliness, and the thoroughness of his policy was as pronounced as his prayerfulness or his trustfulness. He was not only one of the founders of the *Out and Out* Band twenty-five years ago, but also a co-founder, with the late Rev. W. H. Tindall, of the Southport Convention, which is held annually, and has for its object the defining, defending, and spreading of the doctrine of Scriptural holiness. And all who read this will be interested in the special resolution that was passed by the Southport Convention Committee on September 30, 1912. It reads:

“ This Committee has heard with profound regret of the death of one of its most devoted and faithful members, the Rev. Thomas Cook. His departure recalls the beginning of the Convention, and of all that he has been to it during the intervening years. In conjunction with the late Rev. W. H. Tindall he was the Convener of the first Convention, and for ten years acted as its secretary, and for the last three as its President. At most of the Conventions he was present, instructing us by his addresses, and conducting us in the after-

meetings into the Canaan of Perfect Love. As an exponent of the Doctrine of Holiness, as taught by John Wesley, none was clearer or more definite. Alike in defence of the doctrine and in urging the experience he was equally zealous ; and, best of all, his daily life adorned the doctrine he so faithfully proclaimed. His humility and meekness, candour and simplicity, generosity and gentleness, deeply impressed all who knew him. The sanity of his views, the purity of his motives, the transparency of his character, and the buoyancy of his spirit were outstanding features in a life which was ' blameless and harmless.' "

CHAPTER III

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE PRESENCE

“Holiness is not only a state, but a way, and not only a way, but a highway, wherein the redeemed are to walk; and walking along that highway we shall always have Christ at our side. We get into the highway of holiness by a definite act of consecration and faith, and walk upon that highway by continuous surrender and trust. Christ is the door, and He is the way. Walking with Him, we shall grow more and more unworldly and heavenly-minded, more transformed, more like Christ, until our very faces shall be radiant with divine glory.”—THOMAS COOK.

“He often delighted to preach from the text, ‘Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.’ And what is true of Enoch was true of Thomas Cook. The lustrous light that shone in his soul and beamed from his face came from his communion with the Eternal Father, to whom he told all his life’s secrets and on whose shoulders he placed all life’s burdens.”—REV. ED. DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER III

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE PRESENCE

"It is wonderful how God comes to our help in times of emergency. We prove then how necessary He is to us."—
THOMAS COOK.

THE REV. S. CHADWICK has said of my brother that, "He was a great saint and a greater man than most people knew." To this, one may add that, if he was a great saint, it was because he felt he had a great Saviour. In his early days he might often be heard singing about the house :

"My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we ;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land."

He never tired of singing or speaking about his Saviour. If ever youth was in love with maiden, he was in love with Jesus—and it was an undying love ! As a young local preacher he used to go regularly into the market-place and tell of his con-

version ; in other words, of his Saviour. In later years he used to say :

“ Instead of professing anything, *let us confess Christ as a Saviour* from all sin, if we have proved Him to be such. If by humbly declaring how great things God hath done for us we can encourage some trembling and fainting soul, and kindle desire after like precious blessing, it would be cowardice or false prudence not to do it with humility.”

He delighted in opportunities to do this, and the chief note in his testimony was the preciousness of Jesus and the greatness of His saving power. In a letter to a dear friend as far back as 1879 and before he had attained his twentieth year he wrote :

“ I have been severely tried to-day. Thank God I have through Jesus come off more than conqueror. Glory, glory ! I am trusting every moment, and realize blessedly the cleansing blood applied. Jesus saves me now—just now. I believe it. Hallelujah ! ”

Many years after this I frequently heard him tell of an incident during his visit to Ceylon. He had a special meeting for educated natives, and after his address invited questions. Many took advantage of it, and then a young medical student arose and put a question. Tom could not answer it, and he was brave enough to say so. He said, “ Well,

I'm sorry I can't answer your question, but if you will permit me, I'll just tell you what Jesus Christ has done for me, and what He is to me at this very moment." Then out of a heart full of love to his precious Saviour he told of His grace and power, His sweetness and love; and when he had finished, the young fellow stood up and said, "Well, sir, if Jesus Christ is what you represent Him to be, and if He has done that for you, I want Him to be my Saviour."

This readiness to speak of Christ, and the unalloyed joy that it always gave him to do so, may be traced to the fact that Christ was not only with him, but *in* him, and that He was not only in him, but *with* him. They "kept company" with each other, and there was unbroken and unclouded fellowship between them. Those who were privileged to hear my brother pray know how frequently he used the phrase—*The Companionship of His Presence*. It was one of the phrases that in his lips never lost their force. People knew that he was speaking out of the depths of a rich personal experience. In his *New Testament Holiness* there is a chapter on "Walking with God," and a subsection on "Companionship." Referring to companionship with God he says:

"It is a manifestation to the inner consciousness of the believing heart, so that the divine presence

is as real as the sense of the presence of any human being. Christ becomes more really present than if we could touch Him, or hear His loving human voice ; forming a companionship more intimate, sweet, and enduring, than that of any earthly relationship, sweeter than that of friend with friend, of father and son, of mother and child. Such communion is independent of matter or space or time ; it is a fellowship of spirit, as is all true friendship, all love, human or divine."

The Church has always had its great mystics, and such words, as well as all that we know of him, show that Thomas Cook was one of them. We think of Thomas à Kempis, Thomas Aquinas, Francis of Assisi, and Bernard of Clairvaux. Each and all had the same passionate love for God in Christ and lived in the heavenlies, walking with God. It is said that Thomas Aquinas was one day praying in the great church at Naples which is associated with his name, when he had a vision of our Lord Crucified, who said to him, " Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas ; what reward wilt thou have therefore ? " And Thomas replied, " Nothing, Lord, but Thyself."

Nothing, Lord, but Thyself, was, indeed, the one desire of my devoted brother, and to those who saw most of him it always seemed that he had

that "Self." As we looked upon him and watched him, the great words of our Lord were flooded with light and life, beauty and power, "I in you, ye in Me"; and the words of the Apostle became more and more understandable, "I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." There was such a union and such a transfusion that no one ever doubted this saint of God when he used one of his favourite expressions, "And our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ"; and if his life was at all radiant with love and beauty, here is the mystic secret. "Who could help but always be at his best," he used to say, "in such heavenly company as this? Who can think mean thoughts, or speak ungenerous words, in the presence of Christ?"

The Rev. W. E. Sellers, an old friend of my brother, writes:

"I recall the powerful drawing-room meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life which he held in the house of Mr. Charles Gardner, and I can still hear him coming downstairs to conduct one of those meetings, quietly singing to himself:

'I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I have heaven!'"

Perhaps more than anything else this "sweet communion" and experience of "the companionship of His Presence" made him the great and successful worker that he was. After his first mission as a Connexional evangelist the members of the Bristol Ministers' Meeting were discussing the secret of his success. They were simply amazed and puzzled. Then Dr. George Bowden, who was in the chair, quietly said: "I will tell you what I think about it—*there is nothing in him to prevent the Lord working through him.*" And, says Mr. Sellers, who is responsible for the statement, "I stayed in the same house with him, ate with him, prayed with him, slept with him, and this is the testimony of one whom he influenced in those days more than any other man—He was a saint indeed, and, There was nothing in him to prevent the Lord working through him."

Some few years after this Bristol experience my brother was called to pass through the greatest sorrow of his earthly life; but even this left him more purified and submissive, and, may it be said, more sure of the companionship of the Presence. His young and saintly wife—they had only been married about fifteen months—was lying pale and beautiful in death. He himself was but in the first flush of manhood, and was left with a baby girl but five weeks old. He went into the chamber

where the mother was lying so still and cold, yet withal an angelic smile upon her cheeks. With his bursting heart he spoke, but, alas, there was no answer! This, for the time, seems the cruellest thing about death. You sob, you speak, you moan, but the silence is unbroken, and the stillness is a stillness that is as icy as it is mocking. Yes, he spoke, but there was none to answer. Then in an agony of despair the bereaved husband, the young father, flung himself down upon his knees and cried unto heaven.

Ah, and that cry never failed him!

An hour afterwards he came out of the room, and going to his honoured father-in-law he told of the awful desolation, the blighting loneliness he had felt, and then, when upon his knees, it seemed as if Christ came—came to his very side, and taking hold of his hand said, “Lo, I am with you—with you always! My presence shall go with you—I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!” Immediately the desolation was past, and from that moment, and ever afterwards, whatever it might mean, he could look up into his Lord’s face and say, “Thy will be done!”

That Lord never did forsake him, never left him for a moment, and henceforth dear Tom could sing with ever-increasing depth of meaning,

“Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art.”

This consciousness of the companionship of the Presence served him at all times and at every stage of his life. He possessed God in as great tranquillity when he was teaching a class of boys numbering over fifty as when he was upon his knees in his own room. Amid all the petty annoyances and exasperating experiences incidental to a teacher's life, and especially in a school of rough and undisciplined boys, he never lost his temper, and his peace of soul and mind was never ruffled. This will appear, to those who know what it is to have charge of a class of young people, as astonishing as anything else in the calm and victorious life of my brother. But, again, the explanation is only to be discovered in that habitual sense of God's Presence which was his joy and strength to the end of his days.

But it did even more than this. It made him ever alert, ever ready, and ever able to do his Master's business. Let me give one instance. It is from the facile pen of the Rev. Arthur Hoyle. In an Appreciation of my brother that appeared in the *Methodist Recorder* he said :

“ One reminiscence is worth calling to mind. In one of my circuits I had been called in to visit a member of the Church of England. I had taken all the precautions I could against meanness of any

kind, and yet I could not stay away : the man had asked for me by name. He was ' well-to-do.' He had just gone through a serious operation, and wanted to know what he must do to be saved. It was a hard case ; and I hope there are few members of the Church of England in such darkness as was that afflicted soul. Bit by bit he got into the light, into a most blessed light, tremulously beautiful, the first light of a little child and exceedingly innocent. But just at that time I found he was a brewer, and I was in a strange confusion. He was going on with his brewing, and I could not tell what to do. I was in much perplexity.

" I went up to London one day to see Peter Thompson, and after a grand time with him I was getting into the train to come home, when I saw Thomas Cook in the next carriage. We shouted at the first glimpse of one another, and took the whole of the compartment to ourselves. I can never forget that journey, for many reasons.

" At last I put the case of my brewer to him, asking if I should say anything about the business to the happy innocent babe in Christ. Mr. Cook bowed his head for a moment, and I knew what he was doing. At last he lifted his eyes to me—those swimming eyes of his, in which the light always streamed through gracious tears—and said, ' No ;

don't say a word to him about it, not one word. Leave it to the Lord.'

"That was just what I had made up my mind to do; but since it was the easiest course, I had suspected my motives. After that verdict I had never a fear. The man went home to God undisturbed by any intrusions of mine; his end was a very meek and child-like confidence in the love of God. Perhaps the most illuminating of all the things Thomas Cook taught me he taught me by that verdict of his, and by the courage of his confidence in God's ways with men."

Such an incident reveals more than appears upon the surface. It may speak of the evangelist's sanity and of his confidence in God; but it does more. It discloses the intimate relationship between the servant and the Master, the child and the Father. No effort was needed to realize the Presence. It was there—inspiring, helping, leading, directing, and so in a moment that railway-carriage became the Holy of Holies, the secret place of the Most High, and the revelation was given unto the servant of the Lord.

Yes, that Presence never failed him, and may we not reverently say that it was because he never failed the Presence? He trusted his Lord and his Lord trusted him. It became as difficult for him

not to think of God as some of us find it difficult not to think of self. He never lost sight of Him—no, not for a moment. Only three years after he became an evangelist he held a great mission in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The newspapers reported it freely, and a special representative interviewed my brother, who was then in his early twenties. One question was: “You are accustomed to receive inquirers?” “Yes,” was the prompt reply, “but not after myself; they want the Master!” Where one’s treasure is, one’s heart will be also. His Master was his treasure; he loved Him and thought of Him continually. To the end of his days one of my brother’s favourite choruses was:

“O let the dear Master come in!
 O let the dear Master come in!
 O keep Him no more, outside of the door,
 O let the dear Master come in!”

The Master and he walked together in the closest and most tender friendship, and in alluding to that divine Presence, he often used the words:

“More present to Faith’s vision keen
 Than any earthly vision seen;
 More near, more intimately nigh,
 Than any other earthly tie.”

CHAPTER IV

A WINSOME PERSONALITY

"I seem to read Thomas Cook and all phases of his work like an open book. Everywhere throughout the years, and in every detail, great and small, of a winsome life, I cannot help seeing the good hand of God. He was, I think, the most godly man I ever knew. And the strangest thing of all was the utter naturalness of his godliness. You could not help falling in love with the man's religion. I have watched old men not far from the end of their pilgrimage, and young fellows fresh from school and college and city office, and young girls full of life and joy, all alike fall under the spell, not of his preaching, but of his personality. How they loved him, revered his masterful will, and secretly longed to be themselves more like him."—REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

CHAPTER IV

A WINSOME PERSONALITY

“ There will be many surprises in heaven, but we must leave that until we get there.”—THOMAS COOK.

THAT Thomas Cook had a winsome personality is already a matter of history and of general acceptance. Writing to *Young Methodists* the week after his funeral the Rev. C. W. Andrews stated :

“ Last week our papers were very full of him, and some one who had read all that was printed was heard to say, ‘ They all say the same thing about him.’ So they did, because whoever you were and whatever kind of mind you had got, if you knew Thomas Cook at all there was only one possible way of understanding or describing him. There could not be two opinions about him.”

These words are true enough ; all who ever met him felt the power of his religion and the charm of his character. There was nothing morose or dubious about him. He had a bright, sunny

nature, and a way of speaking and of doing things that made everybody love him. When we were awaiting his burial at Cliff College one of the employees on the estate said to me, "I simply loved him, and would have done anything for him"; and another, with tears in his eyes, jerked out, "Aye, if ever there was a good man, he was." And this was the impression he made upon all classes.

Few men were, perhaps, so rich in the friendships of life as my brother. He had a marvellous power of making friends and keeping them. He used to say to young Christians: "Choose for your friends always those who are better than yourselves. The friendship of an experienced Christian was of great profit to me at the beginning of my religious life. Make companions of those who fear the Lord, and 'provoke one another to good works.'" He not only acted upon this advice, but many were drawn to him for the very reasons he had suggested to others. Writes one:

"To know Thomas Cook was to love him; his life was so pure and fragrant. His loss has left a sense of loneliness in many a heart and life. But there are those of us who will live nearer to, and work more for, our Lord than we have done, because of his noble example."

"He was more than a leader," says a lay-evange-

list—"he was a friend and brother. Those who have been privileged to work under him will feel that something they greatly need has gone out of their lives."

One of my brother's earliest friends was, as we have noted, Mr. Joshua Dawson. Tom prized the company and friendship of this apostolic man beyond measure. Again and again have I heard him say, "Mr. Dawson's prayers were worth more than a fortune to me." Although the one was an elderly man and the other but a youth, they loved each other with a deep, true love, and my brother would never, perhaps, have been what he was had it not been for this strong and pious friendship. They wrote to each other freely about the deep things of God, and a single paragraph from a letter written to Mr. Dawson on one occasion when he was ill will suffice to show the strength of their attachment and the understanding between them.

"You are no worse I hope since I last heard from you. It is hard to be laid aside, but God knows best, and He makes no mistakes.

'Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And that is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.'

"Keep under the precious blood. As you realize

that it 'cleanseth,' you will have comfort such as nothing else can give."

Later, Dr. James Wood, J.P., of Southport, and he were joined together by the cords of a friendship that only ended with the former's death. Dr. Wood was a practical mystic, a scholar and a saint, a man of means and yet a man of spiritual power and aggressive evangelism. The two were strangely drawn together, and for several years were one in prayer and work, fellowship and enterprise, usefulness and power. The doctor, who was an LL.D. of Trinity, Dublin, accompanied my brother on his Norwegian Mission Tour, and also assisted him in many missions and conventions at home. It was a sweet and beautiful Christian union that revealed the rare qualities of these two servants of Christ.

Then, Mr. W. F. Crossley, of Manchester, the famous engineer and mission worker, whose biography has been so ably written by Dr. Rendel Harris, became one of his truest friends and helpers. It was a sorrowful blow to my brother when this great and good man, who had consecrated his gifts and his money to the service of God, was taken away. They were so different, and yet they had so much in common; but the friendship was a tribute to the evangelist as it was a mark of the excellency of the character of one of England's

most successful manufacturers and one of its rarest saints.

The story is told that some time after Mr. Crossley's death my brother needed a thousand pounds for the Gospel Car work. He got it all but seventy-five, and there he was stuck the day before it was required. Walking up Moorgate Street, London, he was thinking and praying about it, and he told the Lord that if Mr. Crossley were alive he would go to him and get it; but Mr. Crossley was dead: where was he to go? The answer came clear and sharp: "The Lord will be unto thee a place of broad rivers and streams." "Does that mean," he asked, "that the Lord will be to me what Mr. Crossley would be if he were alive?" "Yes, and more!" That afternoon he preached in a country chapel, and a steward who was counting the collection looked up and said: "Mr. Cook, I want to give you some money," and he placed a cheque for seventy-five pounds in his hands! That was the "broad river," and ever after my brother never allowed any financial need to trouble him. The Lord did for him what Mr. W. F. Crossley did—and *more*; He provided for all his needs.

My brother rejoiced in many similar friendships, but only one other need be mentioned, namely, that with Mr. T. Downing Wallace, a warm-hearted and evangelical member of the Church of England.

They first met on board ship when Tom was returning from South Africa, and for well-nigh twenty years were more than brothers to each other. Although Mr. Wallace, like Mr. F. W. Crossley, belonged to another religious communion, no one took a deeper interest in my brother's missions or in his work at Cliff College than did this honoured member of the Anglican Church. He counted it a privilege to be associated with him, and lavishly helped him in all his enterprises by his sympathy, prayers, and money, and their attachment to each other was beautiful to behold.

Tom used to say, "We may know a man by the company he keeps," and this brief recital of some of his own friendships goes to show, better than many other things, the type of man that he was.

Another thing that added to the charm of my brother's character was his extreme sensitiveness and lovable disposition. He truckled to no man, and he could take his stand with both feet down at once, if it were necessary, but he never quarrelled, and he was never offensive. He might differ, and differ strongly from others, but I never knew him to quarrel with any one, either in his family or in the great world at large. He never even thought unkindly of people. When he was a candidate for the ministry, as many times afterwards, there were ministers who made it difficult for him, and, to say



CLIFF COLLEGE : THE LONG DRIVE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE.

the least, were not as sympathetic as one would have expected ; but he never resented their action, and never cherished the slightest feelings of prejudice against them. He always judged them by the highest standard and attributed to them the best of motives.

This was the more remarkable as, naturally, he was one of the most sensitive of men. He felt things keenly. How often I have seen his face crimson, not with anger, but with very sorrow—the sorrow of a Christlike grief and shame ! And he always went out of his way to defend any one who was guilty of anything like a personal affront.

Such an extreme sensitiveness in one who was constantly facing great crowds, and who had travelled far and wide, may be difficult to understand, but it clung to him to the last. It came out in many ways. Perhaps, more than anything else, it explains why he did not appear more frequently at Conference, and why his voice was so rarely heard in its deliberations. He really shrank from publicity, and would much rather other men had the honours and privileges associated with active and diligent attendance upon the great official gatherings of the Church. Thus when men less gifted and less influential, and that from many standpoints, were singled out for the honours that his brethren in the ministry had at their disposal, no one re-

joiced more than he did ; although he had done a work for the Church which would bear favourable comparison with that of any man of his day and generation, he neither sought nor expected any recognition of his services. Granted the favour of God, he was sweetly and happily content to do his duty and serve his Church without thought of merit or reward. This utter personal disinterestedness, to which so many have borne witness, had its root in a noble piety and a delicate sensitiveness, and was one of the sweetest flowers that grew in the garden of his consecrated life.

One other thing might be named. That winsome personality was lit up and, from the human standpoint, made the more attractive, by a quiet but delightful humour that rarely ever failed him. You get a glimpse of it when he was but a boy of fifteen. With six others he was taken on trial as a pupil teacher. Here are his own words :

“ The first morning I was sent to teach a class of lads as big as myself, and when I got amongst them I found I could not do the arithmetic they were doing. I did not like to confess my want of knowledge, and when a lad asked me how he should do a certain thing, I told him ‘ not to ask such simple questions ! ’ Then I came across a boy at the head of the class who seemed to know all

about it. He repeated the rules and went over the work so well that I saw it at once, and felt I could show the other boys. In reading, I remember, I sometimes did not know the words, and so hit upon the plan of leaving it to better informed scholars to answer."

In this way he got on splendidly, and although when the master gave out some work at night he told him exactly the state of affairs, he did not send him away as expected. He was kept on, and was the one chosen out of the seven. Three years afterwards Tom took a prize that was offered to all the teachers in the town, and his class got 90 per cent. of passes in the first year, and 99 per cent. in the third year.

The humour of the situation, however, on that memorable day can be better imagined than described, but we can confidently say that throughout the whole of his career there was nothing of the morose evangelist or of the stern ascetic about him. Few men could indulge in playful banter more than he, and this, combined with a charming spirituality, made him a welcome guest in hundreds of homes. It bubbled over sometimes even in a service and came out in his correspondence. He often told, and that with a merry twinkle in his eye, of a man who came to Christ when he was

preaching in the Circus at Johannesburg. The place was densely packed, and when he appealed for decisions, and urged the men to act a manly part, one of them was so moved that he came over the front of the gallery. "*I'm coming,*" he shouted; "*if I break my bloomin' neck, I'm coming ;*" and down he dropped, much to the consternation and dread of some women below. Then, one has often wondered what the members of that Leaders' Meeting felt like when, in response to their message for some directions as to the work of preparation for the coming mission, he telegraphed, "*Dig deep Ditches !*" The message was as full of humour as it was of faith.

An interesting thing happened during his Australasian Tour. For nearly five days they were tossing on the great deep between Australia and New Zealand. They experienced a veritable gale. The official report stated that it was the worst the vessel had experienced for seven years. Many of the passengers were not only terribly ill, but they never expected to land. When, however, they got safely to shore a lady turned to my brother, who was in mufti, and said, "I knew we were in for a bad time, as they told me at Sydney that that Evangelist Cook was on board !" Tom smiled, and the lady at once perceived what she had done ; and then he laughingly said to her, "You need never

be afraid to travel with me again. The devil generally does his best to drown me, but he can't do it. I'm in stronger and better hands than his." They all had a good laugh, and the incident passed off as pleasantly as possible.

I remember on one occasion being at Cliff when the students arrived for the new term. My brother had been away over night, and returned in the early afternoon. At Derby a young fellow entered the compartment in which he was seated alone. When the train was well on the way, the youth put his head out of the window and began smoking a cigarette. This he repeated several times, smoking with great avidity. On nearing Bakewell, the station for Cliff College, he turned to my brother and said, "Can you tell me, sir, if Bakewell is the station we alight at for Cliff College?" The young fellow was a "new man," and did not know my brother. Tom replied, "Yes, that is the station; the college is five miles away, and you go by bus." At Cliff the students are not allowed to smoke, but my brother was immensely amused at the youth smoking his hardest for the last time—for at least ten weeks! No one enjoyed the incident more than he did, and we have often tried to imagine how the young fellow felt when on arriving at the college he was greeted by the Principal—his travelling companion!

Thomas Cook had, indeed, a sunny disposition as well as a sunny countenance ; and, moreover, he had that fine courtesy and Christian dignity which never fail to cast their spell over all classes of people. This accounts for the fact that Doctors of Divinity and merchant princes, labouring men and refined scholars, were equally attached to him, and were to be numbered among his friends and admirers. A few extracts from letters received at the close of his life will adequately indicate the strength of this affection, and the impression he created upon those who knew him or only casually met him :

“ How well I remember him—his was such an attractive personality ! ”

“ The Rev. Thomas Cook was a minister of Christ we were always proud of, and thanked God for.”

“ I assure you we feel his death very keenly, having known and loved him from boyhood, and having watched with thankfulness and pride his glorious life.”

“ We saw him several times at Filey, and each time we realized more fully the *lovableness* of the man, and more and more admired his heart-whole devotion to his Master and his work.”

“ No man in the world occupied a higher place in my life than did Thomas Cook, and since we lost

Price Hughes no other man has passed from us that, in my judgement, will be missed more."

Hundreds of similar quotations might be given, but these amply confirm the word of Mr. William Norwell, who has written :

"On my appointment to be a Connexional evangelist he was one of the first to write and wish me God-speed. Since receiving it, I have travelled well over fifty thousand miles, and in every nook and corner of the land the name of Thomas Cook is fragrant as new-mown hay."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

IV

THE LAST DAYS

- I. THE SHADOW OF THE END
- II. THE CALL HOME
- III. THE LAST JOURNEY
- IV. THE FUNERAL AT CLIFF COLLEGE

CHAPTER I

THE SHADOW OF THE END

"None are so eager for spiritual advancement as those who are entirely sanctified. Like the racer who strains every nerve and muscle eager for the prize, they are always 'reaching forth unto those things which are before.' Their ideal is never reached, because the higher they climb the more the horizon enlarges to the view. The more God is known and loved, the more the soul 'follows hard after Him.' 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' And even when the 'Perfect Day' has come there will be continual progression in knowledge, love, and conformity to the image of the Lord Jesus, as the beauties of the God-man are unfolded before our enraptured vision."—THOMAS COOK.

"We may, perhaps, be permitted to say that it was impossible to be near him without being impressed with his full-orbed and Christlike character, and during the years of our association with him we have felt more and more his greatness as a man and as a man of God. God has called him to enter into His joy, and how much he is missed in the daily life of the college no words can tell. The work he once did is still being done; but his uplifting and powerful presence has been withdrawn, and those of us who have worked under him are keenly conscious of the difference that makes."—C. E. OXENBOROW RUSH, B.A.

CHAPTER I

THE SHADOW OF THE END

"I am afraid you have been working too hard. You must be careful not to overstrain yourself. When men get to your age, they need to pull in a bit, and always work within the maximum of their strength."—THOMAS COOK.

FOR two full years before my dear brother passed into the Light Beyond, he had suffered great, and, at times, almost intolerable pain. Few, if indeed any, knew how severe was the ordeal through which he was passing. His sunny temperament and great peace of soul acted like a veil, and hid from even those around him the great and fiery nature of the disease that ultimately carried him to a calmer and happier shore. Sometimes it did appear to dawn upon them, but the thought was almost as quickly put away. One of his dear friends, an annual visitor, has lovingly put the case :

"How we believed in his sunny, 'Glad to see you' ! How he lived up to that welcome, through pain and weariness ! How our hearts ached as we saw the increase of physical limitations, the difficulty

of standing, and the trusty walking-stick become a necessity ; but we shut our eyes to what we did not wish to see ! ”

During this trying period, however, and in spite of the fact that for more than thirty years he had lived a lovely and blameless life, some of his dearest friends observed a strange and growing maturity of life and spirit. The invisible Artist was at work on the pure, white marble, and the glistening angel was appearing with a distinctness and rapidity that at times caused a natural shudder and forced a silent, human tear. He moved as in the heavenlies, and was mantled with the spirit of eternity. The influence of this gracious maturing was felt wherever he went. The *Methodist Recorder* in an editorial note remarked :

“ He was seldom seen at Conference ; or rather, he was not much in evidence in its debates and committees. He went about among his brethren with that quiet shining air of his, and was greeted on every hand with affection, and, latterly, young as he was, with approaching reverence.”

Perhaps this, with the gracious ripening of his character, was never so evident as during the last month he spent at his beloved and charming home. The college was crowded with visitors, his pain was

excruciating, and yet he moved in and out among the guests, in the grounds and in the college, with a radiancy and sweetness that were simply captivating to old and young. Morning by morning, sometimes after a sleepless night, he conducted family prayers, and as he read or prayed the windows of heaven seemed to open, and every hallowed influence rested upon that bright and happy company. This reached its climax on August 20, his fifty-third birthday, when the visitors, as was their wont, presented him with some kind birthday gift. Those present say they will never forget his loving acknowledgment. He was suffering acutely, unknown to most of his happy friends, but he fulfilled his pleasurable duty with marvellous pathos and tenderness. His words will be treasured by all who read these pages. It was his last speech.

THOMAS COOK'S LAST SPEECH

“ Dr. Moss, Dear Friends,—I am not going to say ladies and gentlemen, because all who come to Cliff are our friends. It is very kind of Dr. Moss to say such kind things of us. These practical expressions of affection and esteem are very touching to us. I can hardly find words to express what I feel ; but I feel very grateful indeed to have your sympathy and good wishes.

“ The years are rolling on.

“ This last year has been a year of trial ; very great trial. But it has been a year of wonderful mercies. The Heavenly Father has never failed in His promises. It has been very wonderful how God has sustained and helped us in a critical time. I can bear my testimony to His faithfulness, and I am quite sure that what He has been He will be. I have no doubt about that. My life has been full of mercy, and it has been a very happy life. I often look back and praise God. It has been full of happiness. I have scarcely had a day that has not been a happy day, and I believe that God, who has been our help, will continue to be our help, and that He will take care of us.

“ I have many things to thank God for, and particularly that He has given us so many good friends. I regard it as one of the greatest gifts of God to have friends who are interested in us ; and how much we owe to the contributions of our friends we shall never know till we get to the Homeland. I am sure they pray for us, and God has answered their prayers.

“ It has pleased our Heavenly Father to cause us to pass through the fire. I believe these experiences are necessary parts of the divine programme if we are to be all we possibly can be by and by ; and I believe that going

through the fire I shall not derive harm, but blessing.

"I tell the people when I am preaching that some birds only sing their best when their cages are darkened, and many of our richest blessings come to us in this way. God speaks to us in the Cloud, as He does in no other way. I only want God's will in my life, and I believe His will is best.

"I thank you with all my heart for your very good wishes, and I hope these friendships which are begun down here will be continued when we get beyond the River."

Before another month had passed he was beyond the River!—and one cannot read these words without feeling that the spirit within him seemed to be conscious that the tide was carrying him onwards. The speech is imbued with the atmosphere of heaven. Its high spiritual tone, tender affection, thankful appreciation, loving resignation, and the sweet trust and confidence in His Heavenly Father's love and providential dealings, are instinct with the spirit of eternity rather than of time. Had he known he would never address a company again he could not have more tenderly or expressively summed up the great principles that had inspired him, or more truly represented his life-long attitude to the will of God. What love, what trust, what

confidence are revealed in that one sentence, "*I only want God's will in my life, and I believe His will is best*" ! There is no disputing the Divine wisdom and goodness ; no, not even a murmur at His appointments. He is ready, if it be God's will, to pass through the valley of tears, even the valley of the shadow of death, with a meek spirit, and a happy sense of the divine mercies.

" On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear ;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near."

CHAPTER II

THE CALL HOME

“Matthew Henry says, ‘that when Christ died He left a will, in which He bequeathed His soul to His Father, His body to Joseph of Arimathea, His clothes fell to the soldiers, His mother He gave to John, but to His disciples, who had left all for Him, He left not silver and gold, but something that was infinitely better—*His peace*.’ ‘My peace I give unto you.’ Elsewhere this peace is described as the peace of God, because He is its source and origin. It is the peace which Christ had with the Father from the beginning, the peace in the heart of the Eternal, the stillness of eternity entering the spirit, causing a waveless, breathless calm. It lies not in the emotions, nor in the absence of the emotions. It is a peace not springing up in the course of nature, but handed down from heaven, and implanted in the believing soul.”—THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER II

THE CALL HOME

“ Pray about it, and seek divine guidance before you take any step.”—THOMAS COOK.

ON Monday, September 2, my brother was compelled to enter a nursing home, London, for the second operation within a year. He was sanguine of the result. He went straight from a special business meeting in connection with *Joyful News*. Mr. J. Crowle-Smith, one of his colleagues in the work, has written of it thus :

“ How gladly I look back upon that last gathering in London ! There were four of us, and we were all of one mind and full of the same hope. Mr. Cook was in the chair, as usual, and, though he was in pain, and could not help showing it, yet how cheerful and hopeful he was ! There was only one work for Thomas Cook—and that was the Master’s, and all other questions, be they business or social, were considered and weighed just so far as they helped in the Lord’s work. Never was this more

clearly demonstrated than at this, our last meeting in London."

The four of them drove in a taxi to the nursing home, and on arrival they all wanted to enter and see him comfortably settled. "No, no, we will say good-bye here—it will be best," replied Tom. Then they clasped hands, and just as the three were driving away he called out in a cheery voice, "Good-bye. It will not be for long. I'll be back at Cliff soon!" and he entered the open door never to come forth again, save only to be reverently borne to his last resting-place.

The operation was performed that week, occasioning the dear patient severe and protracted agony. On the Tuesday of the next week I made a special journey to London and found him in great weakness and still suffering acutely. He could only talk a little, but he still believed he would soon be well. He wanted to know all the news, and especially about the arrangements for our New Zealand Tour. He said we must keep him informed of all our movements, and Jessie and he would pray for us continually. Then he sank back in utter exhaustion, saying, "Oh, Vall., they have knocked me about; they have knocked me about!" After a struggle he said, "You had better go. I cannot stand more"; and he held out his soft, white hand,

and with a loving "God bless you!" gave me a farewell grasp. I kissed him good-bye. It proved to be the long, long good-bye, as the following week, when I was summoned by telegram, he was unable to speak or to make any sign that he understood or recognized those who were around him.

His devoted wife was with him all through these days; indeed, for a fortnight she scarcely left his side night or day. During the alternations of relief and pain, she held sweetest intercourse with him. But even up to the time he lost consciousness he still hoped he might recover, although he was always prepared for the worst. He often used to say that death had no terrors for him, and that when the time came for him to depart it would be like walking out of one room into another—only a better!

Sunday, September 15, was one of his worst days. The doctor and nurses said that they did not think he would get better, but the dear patient and his wife had hopes that in spite of all he would pull through. During the afternoon he asked Mrs. Cook to read the forty-second Psalm. It might have been written out of his own heart. No man ever panted or thirsted for God more than he did, and none was ever more brave or more trustful. He was greatly strengthened as the loving voice read out:

“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him
For the health of His countenance.”

Then when they reached the words,

“ All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me,”

he replied, “ Yes, all the waves and all the billows have gone over me, but they are God’s waves and God’s billows.” Then he rested quietly as she read on :

“ Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness
in the daytime,
And in the night His song shall be with me.”

For a little time they prayed and talked and communed together. They spoke of the value of prayer and of the greatness of God’s power and love, the trustful saint saying, “ I feel so calm and restful. I am in God’s hands, and I leave myself there.” And just before he fell asleep he fervently said, “ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee—no, never ! ”

The next day his dearly beloved friend, Mr. T. Downing Wallace, who had run up from Brighton almost daily to see him, just dropped in for a moment. The dear fellow was very ill and very

restless, but Mr. Wallace lovingly said, " Well, friend Thomas, the best news I have for you to-day is, Jesus saves, Jesus saves." " Yes," said the dying saint, " that is the best of all news, Jesus saves— Jesus saves." Little more was said, and the two friends parted never to see each other again in this world of pain and care.

After this my brother rapidly got worse, and on the Friday his daughter and son-in-law (Mr. and Mrs. Percy Groves), his two sisters, Annie and Maggie (Mrs. Robert Mascal and Mrs. Arthur Pickering), and myself were summoned by telegraph. Unfortunately Gracie, his only child and daughter, was unwell, and could not leave home, but all the others responded immediately. We arrived about 2.30 in the afternoon, but to our intense sorrow found him in a state of unconsciousness and collapse. Our only comfort was to know that he was ready, and that we were near him. There were a few brief moments, however, when, although he could neither move nor speak, we thought he knew we were there, and that it was a solace to him as he stood upon the banks of the River.

All that love and care and skill could do for him was done. At nine o'clock, as there was no accommodation in the home, we felt it better to retire, leaving only his wife and the nurses in the sick room. But scarcely an hour had passed before I

was informed that a great change had taken place, and I went at once to the house and joined Mrs. Cook. The change was palpable. The finger of death was upon that loving countenance. For two hours we watched the "parting breath." The strong man, for strong he looked even to the last, was dying. Neither his wife nor I had any doubt of his peace of mind or of a victorious crossing. We knew that, as he passed through the River, the Lord would be with him, and so we found ourselves audibly but tremulously repeating the promises—

"Lo, I am with you alway."

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."

And the last words that were upon our lips in that hallowed chamber were, as has been so in the case of ten thousand saints, the grand and comforting lines,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

At midnight the struggle was becoming more and more feeble; at half-past twelve the spirit still

lingered ; but at 12.40 it took its flight into the great Unknown, and we were left alone with our sorrow and the precious dead ! Thomas Cook had gone Home. His pure and gentle spirit had joined the great multitude ; that multitude who had washed their robes and made them white through the blood of the Lamb ! Both wife and brother felt in that dread and desolate moment that their loss—and how great none can tell !—was his gain, their sorrow his triumph.

Within a few hours the news had spread all over the land. It came as a great shock, as, although it was known that he had suffered for a long period, it was never thought that it would end in an untimely death. From the *Times* downwards sympathetic notices were given in the daily press, and they caused a great grief to pass over the people who knew him.

The next morning Mrs. Cook and my sisters travelled to Cliff, and I took charge of the precious body. The Rev. Thomas Kirkup called very early to express his sympathy and condolence with us, and in the afternoon the Rev. H. T. Smart, and the Rev. S. Chadwick, who had travelled all the way from Barnsley, Yorkshire, called upon me, both of them ready to do anything they could. We went almost immediately into the death-chamber that they might look upon his face for the last

time. Never shall I forget those solemn moments. The three of us stood for some time mutely gazing upon the cold, pale face, but a shadow of what it was a few hours before and what we had known it to be, and then the natural human feelings gave way; the great fountains of the heart burst open, and we wept aloud. After awhile we knelt beside the holy dead, and Mr. Smart poured out his soul unto God, and prayed that the mantle of Thomas Cook might fall upon us all. We rose from our knees with throbbing hearts and chastened spirits, and after tenderly veiling his lovable face we left him to the angels and to God.

CHAPTER III
THE LAST JOURNEY

"On Sunday our preacher in the morning was a local, Mr. Chislet; one who has often been to Cliff, and who knew its Principal well. At dinner later we talked of our loss. 'What,' I asked him, 'was the most striking characteristic of Mr. Cook's life to you?' 'His *goodness*,' replied my guest. 'Every one who came in contact with Thomas Cook was impressed with his goodness.' While unquestionably this was the case, to me his chief characteristic was his clear, unwavering faith in God. 'It's all right,' he used to say to us when we ordinary business men were a little doubtful, 'it's all right. God reigns!' He was the personification of a real, definite, living faith; a confident trust in a living Father which never wavered or faltered, and we could not be long in his presence without coming under the influence of such a life of faith."—MR. J. CROWLE-SMITH.

CHAPTER III

THE LAST JOURNEY

"God will look after your interests, and make the wrath of men to praise Him."—THOMAS COOK.

AFTER but brief consideration we decided to bury our loved one in the little graveyard adjoining Cliff College. He could not remain in the nursing home over the next night, and so we resolved to take him as quietly and as quickly as possible to his own house and home, whither his wife had already gone. His mortal remains had been reverently placed in a plain, strong oak coffin, and we arranged to leave St. Pancras at half-past two in the afternoon. We did not wish to make any stir, but to leave the great city as quietly as he had entered it. Mr. T. Downing Wallace, however, telephoned for all particulars, and when I arrived at the station with the precious burden he was there to receive me. The casket was placed in a specially-provided carriage, which we entered, and tarrying for a few moments uncovered our heads, and prayed over the form we had loved so long and so well.

Never shall I forget that journey. I was alone until we reached Derby, where, in response to a telegram, my dear wife joined me, and we continued the solemn journey together. All Nature seemed to be in sympathy with us. The sunset, which we watched from the carriage window, was one of the most resplendent and impressive I have ever seen. The heavens were a mass of richly-coloured splendour, and the great sun itself, a blood-red orb, was crossed by a horizontal bar of pitch-dark cloud that was as arresting as it was rare. Indeed, the sight was altogether unique, and might have been the work of some great and sympathetic master of sorrowful ceremonial.

At last we reached Bakewell, the station on the south nearest the college, and some five miles distant. The darkness had already gathered, and few people were about. But the railway servants, whom Tom had so often greeted in the past, gently lifted the oaken casket and bore it with strong hands to the cortège awaiting. His faithful coachman, with the sturdy steed and the old familiar carriage, were there for our convenience. Sadly we turned our faces towards Cliff, and instead of dear old Tom taking us we took "him" to the place of his dreams, of his service, and of his love.

As we passed through the lovely woodland country, the hills became grey, and then a black



REV. AND MRS. THOMAS COOK AND MISS GRACE COOK.

silhouette was visible against the unclouded sky. By this time the pale, full moon shone softly in the heavens, casting a tender, sorrowful light all around. The silence was only broken by the slow tramp of the horses, and an occasional cry from some nocturnal bird. We scarcely dared to speak ; not for fright—no, no !—but because our hearts were so full. No other person had ever been to us what he had, and we were painfully struggling with our sorrowful feelings and our unspeakable loss.

At last, however, we reached the gates of the college, those gates through which he had walked with joyful, swinging steps a thousand times. We halted in the middle of the long, beech-lined drive, already thickly strewn with the autumn leaves. We wanted to make sure that the ladies at the college were beyond the rumbling of the wheels, and of that slow, soft tread that always speaks of death. This assured, we went forward, and as we drew up at the front entrance of the great house, the moon just now being at the farther side, it seemed as though a great host of loving hands and helpers sprang up out of the darkness.

The reception-room on the right of the Principal's residence had been deftly prepared by the loving hands of my brother's son-in-law (Mr. Percy Groves), and there we placed him on the stout mahogany table, with a wreath of lilies at his head, and laurels

at the four corners—emblems of his victorious and yet sweet and pure life. Before the willing helpers separated we lifted up our hearts to heaven and prayed. Just as they were leaving the house an old, white-haired man was seen to step quietly inside, raise his hat, and then as quickly disappear, speaking a word to no one. Unknown to any of us as he was, he thus softly and silently paid his loving tribute to this saint of God.

Then wife and daughter, sisters and brothers, came and knelt around the table-bier, and with breaking hearts and eyes suffused with tears prayed to the Father in Heaven to grant grace and strength in the hour of stress and need. That strength was graciously vouchsafed, and amid the greatness of the sorrow praise was given for the life our loved one had so gloriously lived, and for the work he had so faithfully accomplished.

“ The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
Alleluia ! ”

CHAPTER IV

THE FUNERAL AT CLIFF COLLEGE

“ Deliverance from sin is but the stepping-stone, the vestibule and threshold of the higher life. Though a blessed and glorious state, yet when compared with the *breadth* and *length* and *depth* and *height* to which the soul may attain through the rich and abundant grace of God, it is not a really high state of spiritual attainment. None are so eager for spiritual advancement as those who are entirely sanctified. Like the racer who strains every nerve and muscle eager for the prize, they are always ‘reaching forth unto those things which are before.’ Their ideal is never reached, because the higher they climb the more the horizon enlarges to the view. The more God is known and loved, the more the soul ‘follows hard after Him.’ ‘The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’ And even when the ‘Perfect Day’ has come there will be continual progression in knowledge, love, and conformity to the image of the Lord Jesus, as the beauties of the God-man are unfolded before our enraptured vision.”—

THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER IV

THE FUNERAL AT CLIFF COLLEGE

"We shall pray that all your expectations may be realized, and that you may have such manifest tokens of the Divine Blessing as will convince everybody that you are in your right place."—THOMAS COOK.

As became such a saint of God, Thomas Cook's funeral was as triumphant as it was impressive. Severe simplicity characterized all the arrangements, which added to rather than detracted from the solemnity of the occasion. It proved to be a demonstration of affectionate regard. Friends and admirers came by carriage, rail, and motor-car from every part of the country. Rich vied with poor, for there were merchant princes and the humblest members of the little village communities that had delighted in his cheery presence and profited by his ministrations in their midst. Then the Church of his choice sent some of her most distinguished representatives,—the President-Elect of the Conference, brilliant theological professors, departmental officers, and others from different branches of the Church life and work ; indeed, every phase

and rank of Methodism was represented in the tiny chapel of the college and at the graveside of our beloved comrade.

“ The day was fine. The leaves were reddening to the fall ; the bracken-covered hills behind the college were a heaped-up mass of colour ; and the Derwent Valley lay calm and peaceful in the subdued light of a grey sky.” The chapel was thronged with a sympathetic and tearful company, but a greater crowd still stood outside while the service went on. Considering the remoteness of the place and the difficulty of reaching it, a truly great assembly gathered.

The plain, oak coffin was reverently borne by the employees at the college and a company of old and present students, two of the number being ministerial Connexional evangelists. The secretary and organist of the college, Mr. H. H. Childs, than whom none loved my brother more sincerely, played with deepest feeling, as the mourners entered the chapel, Chopin’s *Funeral March*. The Rev. S. F. Collier, President-Elect, read the opening sentences of the order for the Burial of the Dead, and announced the hymn,

“ For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.

Alleluia ! ”

It was sung with intense emotion, for one and all knew that they were indeed laying to rest the mortal remains of one of the rarest saints of God. The Rev. Thomas Kirkup, representative of the Home Mission Department of the Wesleyan Church, read the lesson—that great and victorious outburst of St. Paul's (1 Corinthians xv. 20-58) in which the triumphant words appear :

“ Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy victory ?

O death, where is thy sting ? The sting of death is sin ; and the power of sin is the law : but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Then followed the hymn which dear Tom loved so much, and which we repeated just before he passed through the Gates of Pearl :

“ Jesu, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

The Rev. S. Chadwick delivered the address and voiced the tribute of a thirty years' association with his departed friend and colleague. For some moments after he arose there was a painful pause. Powerful and practised speaker that he was, Mr. Chadwick found it difficult to master his emotions,

It went to the hearts of all to see him so overwhelmed, but at last the quivering lips began to speak, and amid a great stillness he delivered an address of singular charm and sweetness.

He said :

“ The occasion recalled to him the scenes at Lutterworth when the late Thomas Champness was laid to rest. But there was about the present funeral more solemnity and surprise, because they never associated death with Thomas Cook. His ruddy countenance, cheery temper, abounding vitality, invincible hope, seemed to rule out death completely from their thoughts of him. Despite his constant sufferings of the past twelve months his buoyancy and confidence dispelled all apprehension, and made fear impossible, and his death came to them with bewildering surprise. They could scarcely realize that he had gone from them, but the sorrow they had, cast a long shadow : that day’s mourning would be felt in the ends of the earth. Thomas Cook had lived so bravely, so nobly, so usefully that his sons and his friends are in the ends of the earth.”

Continuing, Mr. Chadwick referred to his sainted friend’s whole-hearted consecration, and his strange power of authority and persuasiveness. Then he said :

“He never lost his simplicity. Throughout his career he laid the greatest stress on the doctrine of Entire Sanctification. He preached it everywhere, and, what was more, he lived it all the time. Wherever he went people were impressed with his purity of spirit, the nobility of his bearing, and the dignity of his Christian character. He was a man of amazing faith—and *God never let him down!* He was sure of himself because he was sure of God. He was a man of peace; he never quarrelled and knew no bitterness; it was impossible to quarrel in his presence. Peace and love radiated from his heart.”

The Rev. E. Davidson, a life-long friend, and one who always called my brother “Tom,” then offered prayer. It was one of impassioned power and appeal. Wife and daughter, the aged mother, relatives and friends, were all remembered. The service closed with the singing of the hymn—

“Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.”

As we were leaving the chapel, the sweet strains of

“O, Rest in the Lord”

came upon our ears, and then the mourners and

the waiting crowd outside sorrowfully followed the coffin. The procession "traced its way past the front of the house, where the servants of the college stood in line to pay their mute but loving tribute to the dead. As we passed beneath the giant beeches on the drive, a gleam of sunshine shot through the trees from under the grey clouds, and the cold wind seemed to pause, and whilst the graveside service lasted the sun shone brightly—a token from the brighter world."

The Rev. H. T. Smart, Rev. T. F. Salt (Vicar of Curbar), and the Rev. W. Scott Page took part in the service at the graveside, whilst brief tributes were voiced by the Rev. J. H. Bateson (Army and Navy Board) and the Rev. C. W. Andrews, B.A., B.D. (Foreign Missionary Secretary). Then, led by Sister Louie, R.A.M., who sang at many of my brother's mission services, the great crowd sang with solemn emotion,

" Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

after which the Benediction was pronounced by Professor James Hope Moulton, D.D. (Didsbury College).

The Rev. J. W. Allcock, one of my brother's colleagues on the Southport Convention Committee,

and to whose pen I am already indebted for quotations in this chapter, wrote after the impressive ceremony :

“ Standing there by the graveside, who could help being thankful that his body had found so lovely a resting-place? Parted only by the fence is Cliff Park, and whoever in future years enters the college as student or visitor will surely regard it as a religious privilege to step aside and view the grave where we committed on the 25th of September, 1912, the mortal remains of Cliff’s first Methodist Principal and Methodism’s greatest Connexional evangelist. His grave lies at the very gates of the college—a constant inspiration to those he left behind to carry on his work.

“ The many wreaths will soon wither—forlorn tributes of great affection—but there are other laurels that will never fade, and most likely in years to come the Methodist Church will look upon Thomas Cook as one of God’s choicest gifts to the Church of our generation.”

“ Now the labourer’s task is o’er ;
 Now the battle-day is past ;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.”

V

THE AFTERWARDS

- I. FRUIT THAT REMAINS
- II. THE SERVICE BEYOND
IN MEMORIAM

CHAPTER I

FRUIT THAT REMAINS

"Difficulties give way before determined men."

"I believe every man's work comes to him as little Moses came to Pharaoh's daughter."

"To succeed, a man must have faith in God, faith in his mission, and faith in his message."

"People won't be saved by 'ifs' and 'hows' and 'buts' and 'whys.'"

"Preach the Gospel, not about it."

"There is no resurrection of lost opportunity."

"Unless we know our privileges we cannot claim our blessings."

"The Christian life begins at the Cross, power for service begins at Pentecost."

"Get the power—it's your birthright."

"The power does not come to all in the same way. Fire works differently according to varieties of substance. If a spark falls on iron, it goes out; on water it hisses; on wood it leaves a scar; on oil it makes a blaze."

"Put your faith in the Holy Ghost; nothing can stand before fire."

"To every need of yours God puts His 'I am.'"

"Experience has its responsibilities as well as wealth."—*Some of THOMAS COOK's sayings culled from Cliff College Report, 1912.*

CHAPTER I

FRUIT THAT REMAINS

"Thanks for the news you send about the youth from Ceylon. It is most encouraging to know how the influence of mission work reaches not only to the latest time, but also to the farthest shore."—THOMAS COOK.

No one will ever know how many souls Thomas Cook won for his Lord and Master, and to how many he was the means of spiritual quickening and power. When we remember that during some of his early missions more than a thousand decisions for Christ were chronicled, and that for more than thirty years he moved as a flame of love and fire among the churches, we can readily understand the utter impossibility of tabulating the results of his work and ministry. But this we can say, there are thousands, nay tens of thousands, living to-day whom he led to Christ and influenced in all the higher and holier things of life.

No sooner was the news of his lamented decease spread abroad than hundreds of letters poured in to all his relatives, and many also to the religious

Press, expressing the deepest sympathy, and yet thanking God for all he had been and for all he had done for the writers or their friends. The note of praise was as emphatic as the note of condolence, and indirectly this was as stimulating and as comforting as the other. The thought of such work done and of such results achieved helped to drive away the mournful spirit in the joy of a warm and great thanksgiving. Writes one :

“ Many years ago I chanced to go to Wesley Chapel, York, and the preacher was Thomas Cook. I went without much thought of religion, but I came away a converted being, with Christ in my heart and life. From that day, and from that sacred place of worship, have emanated all my choicest friendships and inspirations, my business career, and all that is near and dear to me. I am a local preacher. For all the blessings of life I thank God, and I say with a glad heart, Thank God for Thomas Cook and the Methodist Church ! ”

Perhaps one of the most significant things of all was the number of ministers and ministers' sons who wrote, and told how they owed everything, under God, to the one who had been so mysteriously translated to the heaven above. There is no need to give many examples, but the two following were delivered to me within the course of a few hours.

The first is from a clergyman in the Church of England. He writes :

“ Just a line to say how shocked I was to hear of the death of your dear brother, who, doubtless, before now, has, through the infinite mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, heard that to which we all look forward, ‘ Well done ! ’ It was during a mission conducted by him at Melton Mowbray that I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour, and therefore his memory will always be cherished by me.”

The other is from the son of one of our own brethren in the ministry, and refers to a service my brother conducted in Bath, when quite a number of boys belonging to Kingswood School surrendered to Christ. Writing as a circuit official he says :

“ You will already have received a letter of sympathy from our quarterly meeting. I have a personal interest in the Rev. Thomas Cook. I was a small boy at Kingswood when he visited the school, and was one of a large number who gave themselves to God at King Street Chapel.”

Many of these boys have since entered the ministry, and few, if any, hold my brother's name in greater reverence than these sons of the Manse who have honourably followed in the footsteps of their fathers.

In every church there are those who display a painful scepticism as to the possibility of child-conversion, and the permanency of spiritual work in the hearts and lives of boys and girls. It is needless to say that my brother, as indeed is the case with every enlightened and faithful minister, was altogether free from this benumbing spirit. He had too many indisputable evidences of the reality of such work either to doubt it or relegate it to a secondary place. The Rev. S. Chadwick wrote of him on October 17, 1912 :

“ Not long before his death Mr. Cook was talking with me of the abiding fruit of his missions. He had been greatly cheered by some letters that had come from men who had been brought to God as boys under his ministry. Several of them were from ministers, two of whom had been converted at a service he had held at Kingswood School, and another was from a Member of Parliament, who told of the positions held by seven lads who knelt together seeking salvation. He closed the conversation as he rose to go with the remark, ‘ As I look back over the years, I am persuaded that the best work was that which brought the children to Jesus, and if God lets me go back to it, I will make them a special feature of all my work for Him.’ Wherever he went he found the boy-converts of his

missions in positions of trust and responsibility. It is a great thing to save the soul of a sinner on the verge of the grave, but it is better to save a life that can be spent in service for God."

Volumes might be written of such cases as those given in this chapter, but I refrain, and will content myself with reprinting an article which I wrote for *Joyful News* some time ago. The editor headed it—

BROTHER IN THE TRACK OF BROTHER

and prefaced it with the following note :

" Nothing has impressed me more in the past three years than the abiding fruit of my colleague's missions. For twenty-five years he was set apart for evangelistic work. Converts were registered in thousands, and it is often asserted that the work was emotional, transitory, and hurtful. That in many the work was not permanent must be sorrowfully admitted, but it remains true that the best workers in the Church to-day are the fruit of special missions. I mentioned this to the Rev. Vallance Cook, and found my impressions confirmed. At my request he has selected a few instances out of a great number of those who were brought to God in his brother's earlier missions. *Ed. J. N.*"

The article reads as follows :

“ A few days ago I was searching among a number of papers, and discovered a series of notes written several years ago. They are somewhat personal, as they deal with the work of my brother, the Rev. Thomas Cook, and so one hesitates to speak of them or to drag them into the light. But as they bear upon some of the great questions that are stirring the mind of the Church at the present moment I am constrained to put on one side every other thought, and to give them publicity for the help and encouragement of the faithful.

“ In these days the questions often arise—and rightly so too—

“ ARE OUR TEN DAYS' MISSIONS OF ANY PERMANENT
VALUE TO THE CHURCH ? DO THE CONVERTS
STAND ?

The readers of *Joyful News* do not need to be assured upon these points. Many of them are the direct result of such gracious seasons of revival, and are well able, out of the store of personal experience, to speak of the blessedness and permanency of the converting and sanctifying work of God. But there are others not so well favoured or sufficiently informed, and to these, no less than to other readers, the following facts may be of interest,

“ The first note was made in 1904. I was in Huddersfield, where, during a few weeks, I came into contact with so many persons who had been led to decision for Christ in my brother’s services, that I commenced to make a note of them. The testimonies, however, became so frequent that after some little time I ceased to chronicle them.

“FIFTEEN YEARS AND TWENTY

“ The first case was in a large town chapel. One of the stewards, a well-known man in the neighbourhood, was introduced to me as, ‘ One of your brother’s converts ! ’ For more than fifteen years he had been faithfully following Christ and serving the Church, having held nearly every office open to a layman. A few days afterwards I preached in one of the country chapels—a square, old-fashioned building, of the type so often seen in Yorkshire. Whilst at tea my hostess said : ‘ I was converted, Mr. Cook, when your brother was here twenty years ago. It was a blessed time, and most of our stewards and Sunday-school workers to-day are the fruit of the mission. Then many have removed away, some to America, but they are keeping true to God and working for Christ.’

“ Another time I was preaching in a neighbouring chapel, and here I found that the choir-master had been converted during my brother’s mission

there many years before. But one of the most interesting cases was that of a retired police inspector—a fine, smart-looking fellow, with the mark of Nature's winter upon his head. I was meeting a class for the renewal of tickets in a quiet vestry, and there were only three members present—three elderly men. But God was there, and peace and tranquillity reigned. On addressing this brother his eyes filled with tears, his voice trembled, and in hesitating but glad tones he said: 'Ah, sir, I owe everything to your dear brother. It was when he held a mission here that I found peace with God. Blessed be His Name!'

" MINISTERS AND CLASS-LEADERS

"That very week I was visiting a mile-and-a-half away. Two young women, sisters, had been absent from class for some time, and I went to find out the reason why. The mother and one of the girls were at home. During our conversation the daughter remarked: 'Father and mother were both converted, Mr. Cook, when your brother was at Lockwood.' That was more than twelve years before.

"Just a month after this incident I attended a public reception of newly-appointed ministers in the City of Bristol. At the close of the meeting one of the young ministers greeted me with the welcome

words: 'I am one of your brother's men. My brother (who is also a Wesleyan minister) and I decided for Christ when he was at Hereford several years ago.' Preaching in the same city, the chapel-keeper introduced himself by saying that he was converted when my brother preached there twenty-five years before. When he left the vestry the steward added, 'And a vile and wicked fellow he was, too!'

"Then a week or two later a gentleman came to me at the close of a service in Manchester and said he had just removed from Oldham where my brother had had a mission sixteen years before. Many were added to the Church, and he was appointed leader of a new class for young men who had decided for Christ; and he joyously said, 'Some of the best workers in the Church to-day are of those who joined the class and made the great decision during the mission.'

"UNIVERSITY CITY AND AUSTRALIAN BUSH

"The next month I was in the City of Oxford, and entered a shop for the purchase of some articles. The proprietor was out, but I saw his wife. Knowing my name she asked if I was a brother of the Rev. Thomas Cook. Replying in the affirmative, she said: 'Three years ago I gave my heart to Christ when he preached in the town hall.' She told

me she was the mother of three children, and was doing her best to train them for Christ. A few nights afterwards, in the inquiry-room at Wesley Hall, Oxford, a member of the Anglican Church told me that she and her husband, with their son, decided to serve the Lord some years before when Thomas Cook was conducting a mission in the city. Father and mother were still 'following on,' but their beloved son had enlisted, been sent to the front, and had died at Mafeking during the historic siege. She spoke under great emotion, but was full of devout thankfulness for the step they had taken.

"A short time after this, being in the Home Counties, a young minister, recently transferred from the Australian work, informed us at tea that, when a minister 'up country' in Australia, he frequently came across those who had been converted during my brother's mission tour in the colony. One of the converts was the father of his closest friend in the ministry, and the old man died in the faith a little time ago. A pathetic incident also happened here. In the after-meeting that very night a woman told me she had found 'peace with God' during the Rev. Thomas Cook's mission at Maidstone, years before. Recently, however, she had forfeited her peace, and was now in great distress of mind. I had the joy of witnessing her

restoration and the renewal of her confidence in the forgiving love of God.

“ IN THE STEEL CITY AND IN APPLE-LAND

“ That was in the late autumn. Early in the New Year I went to Sheffield, where, in spite of frost and snow, we witnessed a marvellous work of grace. Here a class-leader told me that his wife, twenty years before, in that very chapel, gave herself to God when my brother was the preacher. The lady herself, who is an indefatigable Christian worker, confirmed the fact at the close of the evening service. The same week I journeyed to Weymouth, the Naples of the South, and a man, who is now a local preacher, class-leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, informed me that he was converted to God when only eleven years of age on the occasion of the Sunday-school anniversary at Trowbridge, Thomas Cook being the preacher.

“ A fortnight later I was in Exeter. Here several gladdening stories were related. One night a man informed me that his daughter was converted during my brother's mission seventeen years before, and he added: ‘ She is faithfully following the Lord to-day.’ Then one of the Sunday-school secretaries, a most efficient worker, told me he decided for Christ during the same mission. One of

the Society stewards also thankfully remembered the ten days, and knew of many who were serving the Lord as the result of the work. The day after these incidents were given me, whilst shaking hands with a number of people at the close of a service, a woman, with a bright smile upon her face said : ' I am one of your brother's converts. I gave my heart to God during his mission here.' A station-master, present at the same service, was pointed out to me by a steward as one who surrendered to Christ at the same time. He had been doing good work for the Kingdom ever since. A mother also told me of her son who was saved, and who was now a preacher of the Gospel. And all this after seventeen years !

" The next week I was at King's Lynn, when a lady, accompanying me to my host's house, told me of her daughter who had given her heart to God when my brother was in Lynn twenty years before, and that she had been a class-leader for several years.

" A MEANS GOD HONOURS

" Here my ' notes ' conclude. But similar stories have been related to me up and down the country ever since. I will only give two cases. I was at Land's End (St. Just's), Cornwall. Our horse was being put up in the stable. A farmer came

in at the time, and on observing me said to my farmer-host: 'I see you have a parson with you. Who is it?' On mentioning my name he replied: 'Now, that is strange. I must shake hands with him. I was converted when his brother was at Penzance twenty years ago.' Then, only a short time since, I received a letter from an Anglican clergyman who was converted during a mission conducted by my brother years before. In the letter he says: 'I continue looking to God that I may be wise in winning souls.'

"These things speak for themselves, and they speak the more loudly when we remember that every testimony was given spontaneously and without any solicitation whatever. They make one wonder what the record would be if such information were sought, and if it were possible to gather similar incidents in the work of other well-known and successful evangelists. But to do this would be, to a very great extent, to write the history of the Church. Certainly they open out to us vistas of marvellous fruit and potency, the mystic secret of aggressive Christianity, and one of the most God-honoured means of advancing the Kingdom, and building up the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. When this type of work and all that it stands for in the Church cease to have a first place among us, we need not be surprised at arrested progress and

at annual reports of disheartening decreases. Whatever may be the case in the other evangelical churches, Methodism can never retain her own unless she is strengthened and nourished by additions from the ranks of the converted."

During the years that have intervened since penning this record, the same glad reports have come to me almost week by week. I have travelled at the rate of twenty to twenty-five thousand miles per annum throughout the United Kingdom, and north, south, east, west, I have met his converts, and they are carrying on the work and diffusing his spirit abroad in almost every conceivable place. The glorious and permanent results of his ministry have impressed me during the course of the years beyond anything I had ever dared to expect, and now that he is gone our comfort is that the Church of his choice and the Kingdom of God are stronger, richer, purer, for his own life, and for the lives of those whom he won for God, and who still live to carry the Battle to the Gate. And all this is enhanced by the fact that his children in the Gospel are to be found in every part of the world.

Strange as it may appear, on the very morning I wrote the above, there came to me a letter from New Zealand,—whither my wife and I are sailing, at the invitation of the New Zealand Metho-

dist Conference, for a mission tour throughout the colony,—and as it speaks of Tom's work and influence in that fair land beyond the seas, I venture to give an extract which will fittingly close this chapter. The Rev. C. H. Laws, B.A., Chairman of the Canterbury District, New Zealand, says :

“ In sending you our Christmas greetings I should like to take the opportunity of saying how much we all, in this distant land, regret the news of your brother's death. His memory is very fresh among us, and, as you will find, his converts bear the most grateful remembrance of his faithful ministry in New Zealand. He must surely have suffered greatly, but all has been borne with supreme patience and the ‘ port after stormie seas ’ is his now. The references to his character and influence which have appeared in the *Methodist Recorder* have made noble reading. Truly, ‘ He being dead yet speaketh.’ I am sure the tradition of his earnest evangelism and saintly life, as well as his wise methods and business aptitudes at Cliff College, will remain for many a year. Will you believe that many of us who knew him, and who already begin to feel that we have a place in our hearts for yourself, have been remembering you in our prayers, and seeking also for the bereaved widow the comfort that is in God alone ? ”

CHAPTER II

THE SERVICE BEYOND

“Our service has not been without blemishes and defects, but God has been pleased so richly to bless it that praise shall be our prevailing note. He alone giveth the increase. And the victories of the past are but a pledge and earnest of other victories, grander and more glorious. A dying Buddhist priest said to one of our people who visited him : ‘Christianity is like the sun rising in the morning. Already its light is seen above the tops of the mountains, and it will rise higher and higher until its light is everywhere. Buddhism and other religions are like the setting sun ; they are sinking lower and lower, as the sun sinks in the west.’ That testimony is true. All other lights shall wane before the presence of Him who is the Light of the World. The day shall come which shall be signalized by His universal triumph. We may not see it before ‘this mortal shall have put on immortality,’ but we appreciate the privilege of being permitted to assist in hastening that glorious era.”—THOMAS COOK.

CHAPTER II

THE SERVICE BEYOND

"Always put the following texts together: 'All things are possible with God. . . . All things are possible to him that believeth.'"—THOMAS COOK.

THE text on our daily calendar for August 20, 1912, my brother's last birthday, as well as the day on which General William Booth of the Salvation Army passed away, was—*Their works do follow them* (Revelation xiv. 13). We knew dear Tom was in a bad way, and we had the uncanny feeling that in some strange manner the words might be prophetic. At any rate, they fixed themselves upon our minds, and have been with us ever since; and again and again we have read the passage in which they appear: "*And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*"

There are great mysteries associated with this passage, and yet there is much clear light and

leading. The saint of God rests from all trying labour—from all wearying, annoying, irritating, fruitless toil. Not from work, for work is the condition of blessedness; not from service, for this is the glory of the servants of God. Dr. A. T. Pierson has said :

“ The saint of God carries with him his service into immortality ; *he goes to carry on his work for God.* Thus his immortality has come at last. He goes where there are no limitations, where there are no vexations or hindrances to circumscribe his activity ; where they rest, not because they are tired or fatigued—where they wait on the Lord, renew their strength, mount on wings, walk and never faint—*but enjoy the tireless and the unending activity of the redeemed souls, partakers of the tireless energy of the untiring God.*”

This thought has been with us much. It was our comfort when the strong, good man was snatched from us. Both relatives and friends felt that death could not be the end of Thomas Cook ; it could only be the entry into a larger, fuller life and service. Friend after friend has written in this triumphant spirit. One says :

“ He has been taken for higher service by the great Comforter of all bereaved hearts ; ”

And another :

“ It would seem to be one of the mysteries of life that one as young as your brother should be called away from so useful a life in this world, but we can only believe that it is to partake in the fuller life and ministry above—a greater service than could possibly be rendered in this world.”

We do not doubt that this is true. In a sense that we cannot comprehend my brother has been called to the “ front.” The Lord had need of him. We may have needed him, needed him much, but He needed him more. He did great things, and could have done even greater had he continued with us, but he will do still greater whither he has gone. He sleeps, and yet he lives ; he rests, and yet he serves ; he has laid down the sword, but he has grasped another ; he has done much for us, the Church, and the world, but who will say that even *now* he is not doing more—more even for us, and for all the great causes that he loved, than ever he did when in bodily presence among us ?

This is our faith, and it is the faith of those who knew and loved him best. They have written and spoken with one voice, and this is how they have expressed themselves :

“ We believe those of our friends who have left

us and gone to be with Christ are even now influencing our lives for good."

"What a fragrant and beautiful memory he leaves behind him! It is such as he who make the Master's service attractive, and by the consistent and holy life win many for Him. And he will live on in the countless lives he has helped and raised."

"I am a great believer in 'ministering spirits,' and your brother's influence and presence will be about you, and the dear Lord will mightily use you. God make us all more faithful, and give us a passion for souls!"

But one of the most touching as well as the most expressive letters received was addressed to our aged mother, and was written by the wife of a poor labouring man. It reads:

"I heard him preach his first sermon at Lord Street Mission (Middlesbrough), and have often thanked God for the work he was doing. *His work is not done.* He will still be one of God's willing messengers to bring peace to many. Though they cannot see him, they will feel his influence, and you, his dear mother, when sitting quietly and thinking, will feel a great peace come over you, and feel his loving hand upon you. I have felt my boy's! They don't love us any the less when they leave the body."

This poor woman, with that keen, spiritual apprehension which God so often gives to the humble and unlearned, voices our deepest feelings and defines our highest faith concerning the departed. *Thomas Cook still lives and loves and works*, and the prayers of his friends are being answered day by day. One has written, "May his death be the cause of *life* to many souls!" That is just what is taking place, and will take place for many days to come. Ministers, local preachers, class-leaders, and devout men and women all over the land are being mantled with his spirit and led into a higher and holier consecration; so much so, that there are those who are saying that, Thomas Cook in death is being more used of God than in life! This is a great thing to say, but we cannot resist the conclusion that there is some truth in it. I know of prayer-meetings, fellowship meetings, and classes that have strangely increased in numbers and power from the week of his death. And one of the happiest features of the case is that ministers and evangelists in every part of the globe have testified to spiritual quickening and power—and who can tell what this may mean in the days to come!

Let me mention one or two cases. I have by me a letter which tells of a minister, the son of a minister, who says that ever since he went to the Theological Institution he has been passing through

a season of doubt and trial. He was sure of nothing, but when he heard of my brother's death he began to look into his heart and inquire into his motives ; and then he took the upward look—thought of Christ and of the power and will of God. At last he fell down upon his knees in the study, and prayed and prayed and prayed, when he discovered this—that at the root of all was a bit of personal and professional pride that kept him from making a full surrender to God ! He resolved that it should go, and with it everything that hindered. No sooner did he arrive at this conclusion, and acted upon it, than light and liberty came. The next Sunday he preached as he had never done before. The whole congregation was moved, and one who was there, and had known him for several years, wrote me saying, " I have NEVER seen such a transformation." At a united Church meeting the following week he related the story of those troubled years, and how the change had come. Then he begged each one to surrender fully to Christ, and ended with the words, " If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Another case was that of a Wesleyan minister who, in an article written for the *Out and Out* magazine said :



CLIFF COLLEGE CHAPEL.



"THE PLACE WHERE WE LAID HIM,"

“ During the week following the decease of our lamented friend and brother, the late Thomas Cook, I felt constrained to preach a sermon at Old King Street, Bristol, with a view to calling the attention of my congregation to the valuable lessons of the life of such a noted evangelist. During the week previous I read again with interest a book that did me a great deal of good in my college days, viz. *Thomas Cook's Early Ministry*, and as I read the book I was much impressed with the clear teaching on the subject of personal holiness as there set forth. The Holy Spirit Himself seemed to urge me to a fresh consecration of myself to the Lord, and in the quiet of my study I knelt and again consecrated myself to His service. I made a note in writing of the matter as a kind of visible seal of this fresh covenant.

“ On the following Sunday evening I found considerable enlargement of spirit while preaching, and at the close of the service invited our people to stay for what I termed a consecration service. I then calmly told them of the blessing I had myself received, and asked those who felt called to do so to quietly stand as a sign that they too felt drawn to make fresh dedication of themselves to God. In all about eight or ten adults stood, among them being a couple of stewards and some experienced Christians. I can assure my brethren that it cost

me something to make that personal confession, and I had to fight against some amount of personal diffidence, but after it was made it seemed as if heaven lay about us, for the whole meeting seemed charged with spiritual power."

These cases might be multiplied, but they clearly show that the passing of this servant of God did not end his ministry even upon earth. It may, however, be added, that the young men at Cliff College never chronicled greater spiritual triumphs than during the term that followed his death. As one of the tutors said to me, It seemed as though they had been baptized for the dead. During that same term I was in Cornwall conducting a mission. One night a man came ten miles to make his peace with God. He threw himself down in great agony at the communion rail, and for more than an hour wrestled and struggled until great beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. At last light and liberty came, and when he rose from his knees he had peace of heart and a tranquil mind, and could only say, " Bless the Lord—bless the Lord ! " It was a delightful transformation, and the man then told me how he had been reading of the life and death of my brother in *Joyful News*, and could not resist the appeal it made to his own soul. So he came and sought and found, and thus added

another trophy to the tens of thousands already won by Thomas Cook.

He being dead yet speaketh. Verily it is so. A dear friend has truly said of him : "Elijah has been translated from the School of the Prophets, but God has many Elishas upon whom his mantle has fallen." It may be that even yet we shall have to thank God for taking His faithful and well-trying servant from us at the age of fifty-three ! The call of the open grave, the inspirations of the departed, and the memories of hallowed ministries, are doing their work, and are affording us a glimpse as to how God buries His workmen and yet carries on His work.

A correspondent writes : "Mr. Cook lived as long as to old age if we measure the amount of work he put into life." This is true enough, but what are we to say when his decease is but the beginning of a work as great and glorious—if not more so—than any he witnessed in the days of his flesh ? That it is, and will continue to be so, we verily believe. St. Paul, Augustine, Bunyan, Wesley, Booth, were never more alive than to-day. They are influencing untold thousands, being greater in death than in life ; and although the sweet grass has scarcely had time to grow upon the grave of our dear departed friend and brother, we believe it is just as true of him, and that in years to

come it will, with an ever-increasing emphasis still be true.

“ I am so glad,” writes one, “ that you had such a helpful, beautiful service at the funeral. There *must* have been a triumphant note at the close of *such* a life.” Indeed, there was, but that note of triumph has swelled louder and louder, and when we think of all that has been, of all that is, and of all that will be, we joyously repeat the glorious refrain : “ *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.*”

In Memoriam

THOMAS COOK

[Written on receipt of the news of Mr. Cook's translation,
and published in *Joyful News*]

“ Thou child of God ! unspoilt by human praise,
Unhurt by scorn, because thine heart was true
To God's great heart in all thy works and ways,
And knew so well what He would have thee do !
What shall we say thy scope of praise to fill ?
' He was content to do his Master's will.'

“ Not with the rulers ’twas thy part to sit,
Nor move the crowd with eloquence sublime :
’Twas thine to soar o’er bounds of human wit,
To heights where power and wisdom fail to
climb ;
To move the masses, since to thee was given
To voice the thunder and the grace of heaven.

“ Thou wast a voice that in the desert cried,
And lo ! that desert blossomed as the rose ;
Spoke to the rock, and lo ! that rock supplied
Eternal streams of boundless grace for those
Who, like thyself, on steadfast mercy stayed,
Their constant claim for full salvation made.

“ Thy deathless honours still shall brighter shine
When all earth’s glories fail and cease to be ;
Thy holy life, derived from realms divine,
Shall there, at home, its fullest glories see ;
Whilst round the Throne thy countless converts
stand,
Thy deathless offspring in that Better Land.

“ W. H. W.”

Hunan, China, November 5, 1912.

THE END

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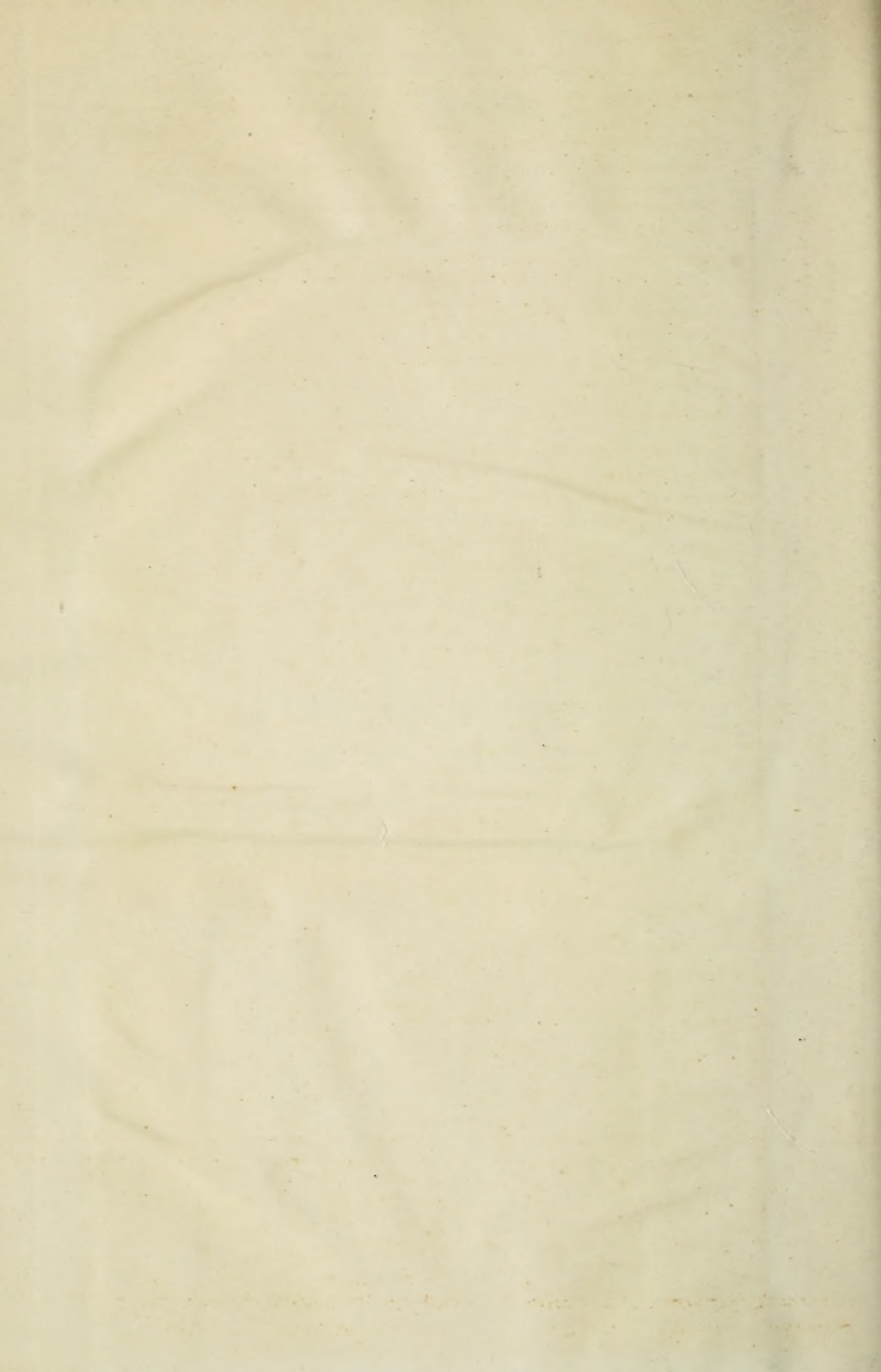
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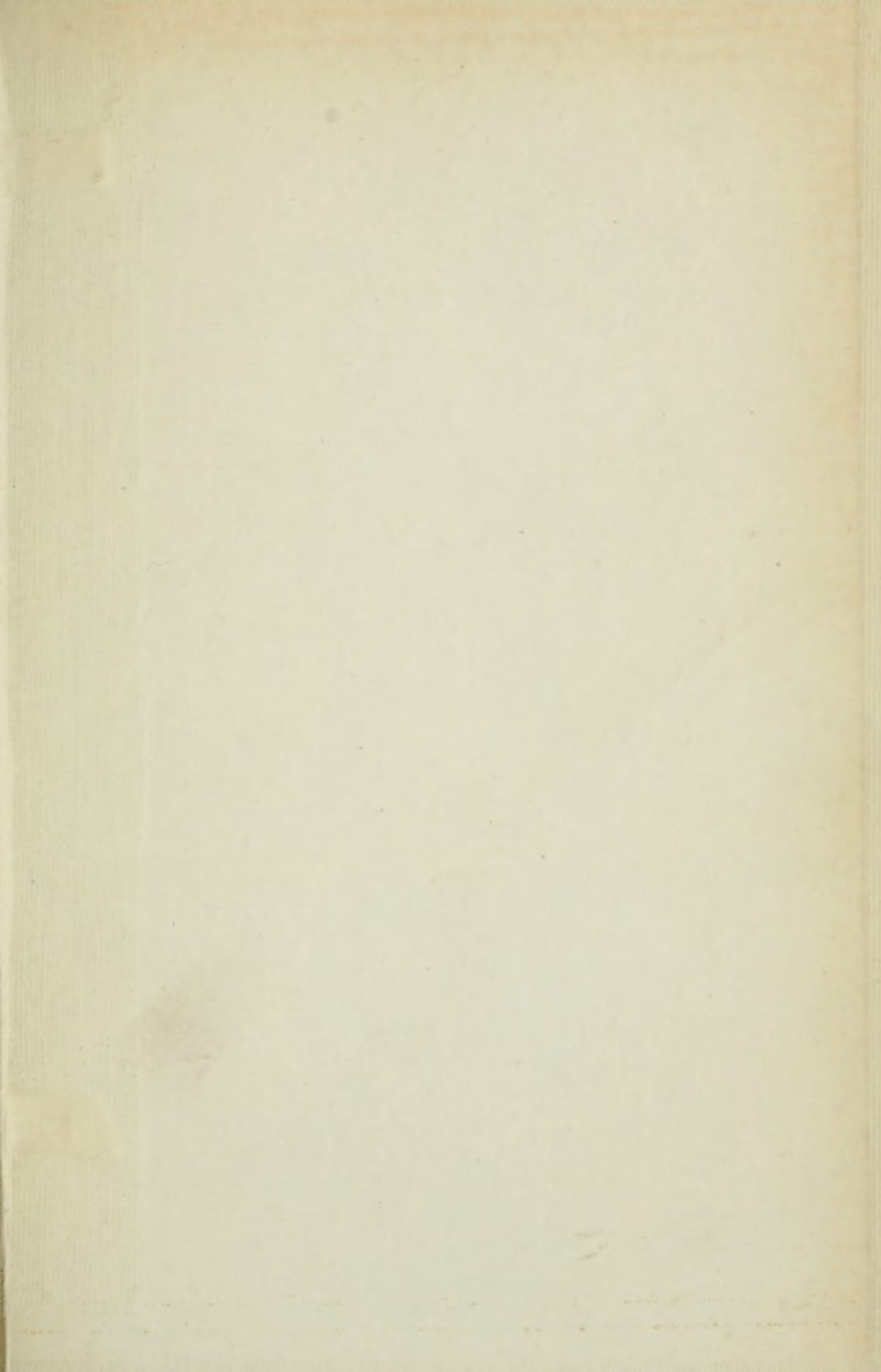
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